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[ONE PENNY.]

CIRCUMSTANCES.

A TALE OF NEW ENGLAND.

BEATRICE and Robert Lamley were betrothed, after three years of stormy courtship as ever vexed mortal man. And it may seem that I commenced my story where, according to custom from time immemorial, it should end; but the stormiest act in their drama was yet to come; and all for an idle whim of a woman.

Beatrice was a coquette. She had led Robert a weary life till folks cried shame, and he turned at bay; swore stanchly that he would have a final "yes," or would that month sail for England. When he would no longer follow her she came to him; but she shackled her consent with one condition. She said,

"And it be known that we have plighted troth, folk will buzz and tattle at every tea-table in the county. Miss Betty will cry. What might he see in her! Miss Eliza will say, Why, her nose is snub, and her temper is deplorable. I shall have never a virtue or a feature left."

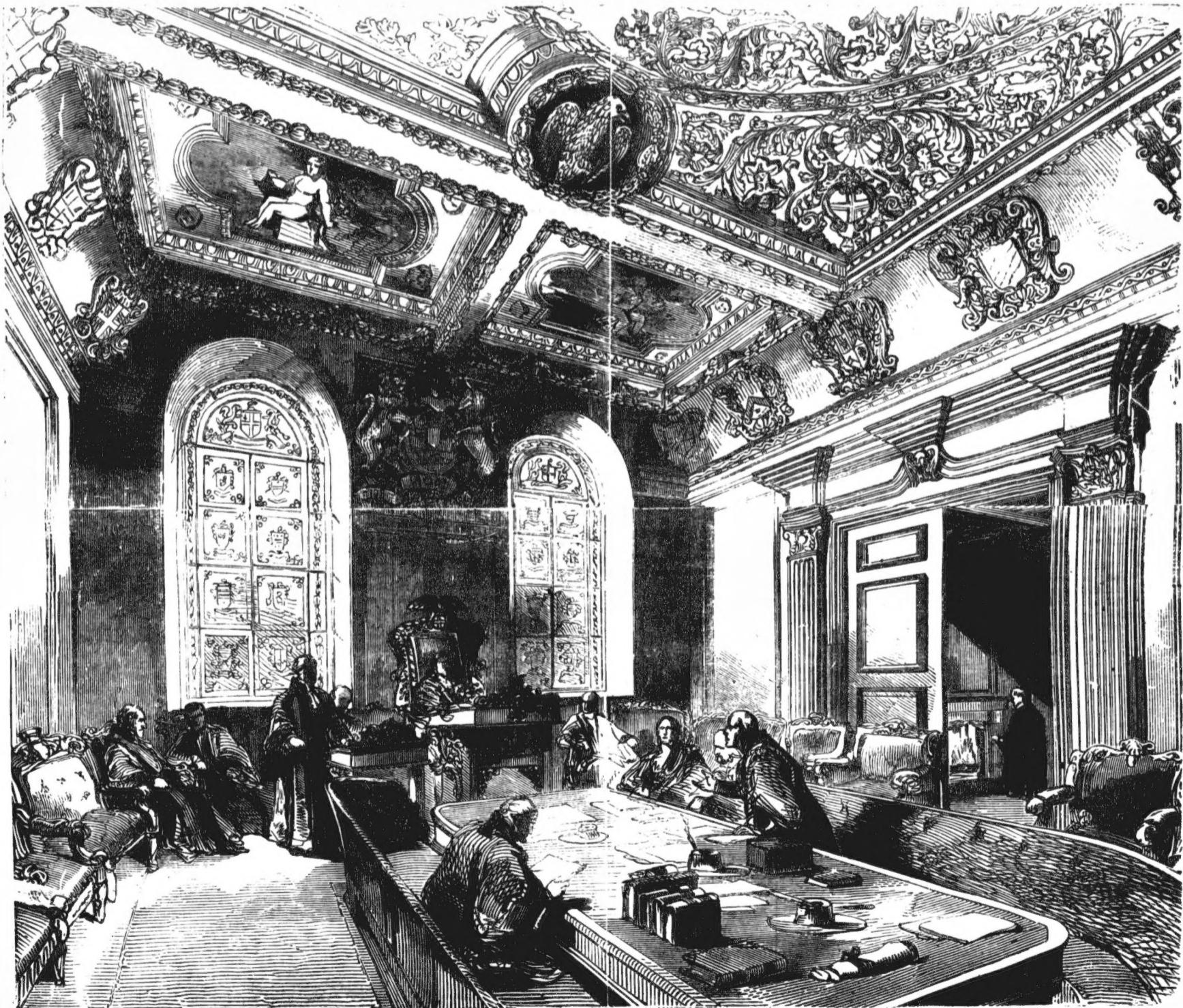
"Consider then," urged Robert, "that you are the sum of all virtues to me."

"Nay, but you should consider, Robert, that I have no mother to whom I can go with my secret, and whisper, 'I love Robert.' I am a poor little motherless girl, and my father thinks of his acres and his chest; and for Mistress Lucy, she hath been but a shrewish cousin and housekeeper to me."

"Robert Lamley's wife may choose her own housekeeper."

"Robert Lamley hath no wife," she answered, saucily, but blushing in spite of herself. "There is no such person; and I would have you know, Sir, that our bargain is not yet concluded. Mistress Lucy, who looks scorn at a woman in love, as though it were an immodesty, she shall not fling and sneer at me; and so, if our troth is to hold, you shall tell it to none, and I shall tell it to Barbara, who is more my sister than my maid. You shall be kind to Lucy, and barely civil to me, and I shall be as rude to you as I like, Sir; and it shall go hard, before all is done, if our dear cousin do not think herself on the high-road to the state and condition of Dame Lucy Lamley!"

Robert shook his head. "I am a plain man, Beatrice. I like neither maids nor false colours. And if I am to be Mistress



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Lucy's servant, and got only biting words from you, in what shall I have bettered myself?"

"In what? You do well to say that you are a plain man." And here she pouted. "I promise you myself, and you ask if you are bettered; though a while back it was only that I should give you some sign that one day I might listen to you. That which is given is no longer desired, I know; but you need not be in quite such haste to show me that I am no longer dear." Here a sigh interrupted her eloquence, and a sob followed the sigh, and tears the sobs. She put up her little hands to hide the tears, and then her handkerchief, and though Robert's utmost persuasion could not move it, he could see quite enough to alarm him behind it. Resolute with men, he knew nothing of dealing with women, only that he would have ridden his horse over the Lover's Ledge to please this one. And there are women who are Undines. They treat a man with that playful malice with which a child tosses about its puppet, and only through love and sorrow come to a woman's soul. Such a one was Beatrice. To dry her tears Robert gave her his promise. For the love of her own will she accepted it.

There never was a more disastrous concession. It was in itself the very apple of discord. Beatrice had one black fault: she was jealous of every woman not actually hideous. Thus, though she herself had ordained Robert's civilities to Mistress Lucy, she could not endure them; and in turn she tormented him so adroitly that he almost questioned whether it were of accident or intention. If he came in at one door she slipped out of the other. If he approached her in the drawing-room she dodged him around Mistress Lucy. If he sent her messages through her maid she laughed, and returned none. Too downright to comprehend that he was punished for obeying her, Robert bore with her a while with grim patience. Then he took revenge after a man's fashion. He mounted his horse and rode away, and there came no word of him for a month save that he was stopping with Master Venner, who had a fair daughter.

So falling out was the first consequence of this hopeful agreement, and worse was to follow. Mistress Lucy was Beatrice's cousin, and a gentlewoman; but also her father's housekeeper, and a dependent. She was a handsome woman of twenty-eight or thirty, set aside and neglected for a spoiled child like Beatrice. She professed to saintliness, but had a wide mouth and a muddy, brown eye. Her tone was always even, and yet every man and maid servant hated her; and she was a shrewd woman, and had fallen into a trap set for a fool: so much does inclination befit the clearest head. To play with such a woman was to play with fire and gunpowder.

Meantime the month of Robert's visit wore away; and as Mistress Lucy stitched in the parlour of a fair October morning, and Beatrice flitted in and out of the long garden window like some bright bird, her quick eye spied Robert's horse at the gate. Only the moment before she was vowing to tease him no more; but no sooner did she see his tall figure coming quickly up the walk than she rushed in to Mistress Lucy with,

"Put aside your stitching, cousin. Master Lamley's horse is at the gate."

"And if it is," answered Mrs. Lucy, bridling, "why should I lay down my needle, or you come panting here like a farmer's lad that hath seen a show?"

"Mighty well," retorted Beatrice, tossing her head. "There be folk like the ostrich, who shut their own eyes and so think to blind the rest of the world. But I trow it is not for my father's sake that he posts here fresh from his journey; and other folk than I am commencing to spell—Dame Lucy Lamley."

"Give you good-day," said here a pleasant voice from the piazza.

Beatrice arched her eyebrows expressively at her cousin, and whirled about to face the new-comer. She had never looked fairer in his eyes. Her cheeks were as red as coral. Her brown eyes danced with mischief. Her brown hair hung in long curly on her neck, and in short thick curls about her face. She had a knot of ribbons on her cherry bodice, laced tight and trim, and an arched foot shod daintily from beneath her ruffled petticoat. She was plump, and fair, and dimpled, and peach-like; teasing and ensnaring both. Robert's eyes dilated, and he made a hasty step towards her.

"Oh! it is you?" she said, eyeing him coolly. "I thought by the step, it was our loutish Tom," and then she turned her back on him to chirp her bird. He had gone, she told herself, to teach her a lesson. He should find that she had not learned it.

Mrs. Lucy by this time had laid down her embroidery, and came to meet the mortified young man with an undeniably rise of colour in her olive cheeks.

"We welcome you back," she said, leaving her hand—a well-shaped hand it was—in his an instant longer than need be; and her manner said, as plain as words, "One at least is glad to have you back. Pray, come in, Master Lamley, and tell us what news from Master Venner's?"

"No need," put in Beatrice, wheeling about. Master Lamley's news is always stale. It is easy to forestall his market. Master Venner hath a sciatica, for which he thinks he may thank the late rains; and the dame hath a new copper-plate print and is troubled for the brindled cow; and Mistress Frances—"

"Mistress Frances," said Robert, quickly, "is a beautiful young woman, and as discreet as she is fair."

Beatrice tossed her head.

"And so the puzzle is out, and Mistress Lucy knows what kept Robert so long at the fair. I told you, cousin, to beware, and that men would be fickle, even those in years."

"You run too fast," said Lamley, much embarrassed. "It was the flood that kept me."

"Oh! ay! the flood! which was at its highest when Mistress Frances would listen, and never above one's shoe-tie. I think I can see it. Master Venner hinting that there is good riding now, and Mistress Frances, who would like a younger lover—"

"Beatrice! this is past bearing," interrupted Mrs. Lucy, in much indignation. "Remember what your father was pleased to say to you but yesternight."

"And so I do," retorted Beatrice. "He bade me show respect to age, and it is out of that very respect that I am propping Master Lamley's most impotent invention."

"I wish that your rendering were the true one," said Robert, with a sudden sparkle of anger in his eyes. "Fairer excuse for lingering than Mistress Venner no man needs."

"Prithess, go back to her," snapped Beatrice, colouring vehemently. "A man looking backward is always dull."

"Why so I will, then," answered Robert, "since it is plain I am not wanted here."

But here Mrs. Lucy interred. She stepped quickly forward, laid her favourite hand on his arm, and "That would be to punish all for one," she said; "and I can assure you, Master Lamley, that there be those in this household who honour you and prize your friendship."

Here she raised her eyes modestly, and dropped them as modestly, at the which Robert winced; but there was no help for him, and he sat down, though sheepishly enough.

Beatrice shrugged her shoulders, turned to go, and in the doorway met Hugh Featherborough.

This was a brainless animal whom she slighted and cajoled at will; for there is nothing that shall equal a man's caprices except a man's belief in them; and he was of that metal that he endured her yoke submissively, calling one his rose-days and the other his grey-days. Add to this a handsome pink and white face, and that he was particularly disliked of Robert, and you have the man whom Beatrice welcomed with both hands held out.

"You should come this way," she said, affecting to lower her voice. "Master Lamley hath been absent this month from Mrs.

Lucy, and this is their first conversation. But if you choose there is the harpsichord in the further room, and I know you do sing Mr. Featherborough!" And Featherborough seeing that this would turn out a rose-day, followed her delightedly, though he had no more voice than an owl. The harpsichord was in the direct line of Robert's vision through the open door, as Beatrice knew; and she and Featherborough showed enframed in the doorway; she with her hands on the keys, looking cajolingly and close into his eyes; he twisting vine-leaves and the late roses in her curly, his fingers touching her white forehead. Robert looked, while Mrs. Lucy purred. The haughty, jealous lover, who would not have had any man look so boldly at her, saw his mistress, who denied him the commonest grace, courting—a fool. He answered Mrs. Lucy at random, and then he forgot her and answered not at all, and his whole soul had gone into his eyes. Mrs. Lucy finding herself unheeded, drew up in offended dignity. The silence roused Robert. He started, looked hurriedly about him, muttered an incoherent excuse and left the room.

Mrs. Lucy looked after him and turned white. Her anger was not a flame. It was a dull, cold, leaden, settling together of evil impulses. Her eyes were opened. Whatever Robert's behaviour might mean, it signified no love for her. He thought not of her. She had been duped, and Beatrice knew it. The disappointment was dreadful, but she put it on one side. She would not taste one bitter drop, as yet, till she had learned why he came there, and what she herself had next to do.

Robert went to find Barlicorn, his man, and charged him with a message for Beatrice's maid, that she should come to him in the oak-room. Barlicorn listened with a sour and suspicious face, for he was Mistress Barbara's follower; and since her frequent interviews with the master she had chosen to carry herself high and mighty toward the man; and finding her busy with Beatrice's ruffles, delivered his errand with but an indifferent grace.

"And what might he want of me again?" asked Barbara, reddening and tossing her head. "Your master, Barlicorn, do always be teasing me."

"Ay, so it seems," retorted Barlicorn, dryly, "and that be the very question I ask myself."

"The question you ask yourself? and what question is that, fool?" asked Barbara, sharply.

"Just whether I be not what you call me, sweetheart, to hang about you and not to know what my master wants with you."

"Oh! you are there, are you?" said Barbara, deliberately. "But there you may stay, Master Cariosity, for I promise your worship that you get naught from me," and with that she begins to slap and pat the ruffles between her pretty hands, as though they, and not Barlicorn, were the objects of her attention. Barlicorn waited, and looked hard at her. She looked hard at her ruffles, and continued to pat them.

"Farewell, then," said Barlicorn, gulping down something in his throat. "I love you, Barbara; but my love must be honest as well as fair."

"Farewell," returned Barbara, indifferently, and looking over her shoulder, for women in such cases are always the best dissemblers.

Barlicorn walked away out to the heart, calling her a heartless jade, and vowing to quit his master's service; and, as ill luck would have it, half an hour afterwards he met Beatrice, who inquired for her maid.

"I know not," answered Barlicorn, still on fire and transported by his jealousy beyond respect; but I judge that she be with my master in the oak-room, as she be often enough before."

"With your master?" repeated Beatrice. "What phrase is that, prithee, to use to me?"

"No worse than the thing," replied the man sullenly. "Today it is in the oak-room, and to-morrow in the grove, and the next day by the brook; and, if it be a shame for me to speak, it is worse shame in your maid. I'd ha' thought better of Robert Lamley, but I've quit her, and I'll quit him, whiles the morrow."

"You have left Barbara?"

"Ay, but now. I told her my sweetheart must be honest, and so she must, Misa, or none."

"And they are together now in the oak-room," repeated Beatrice, a dark, red spot of anger beginning to glow in her cheek, partly that she was infected of Barlicorn's jealousy, partly that she blamed her lover for obeying her, and thought to find here the cause of what she called indifference. Her heart began to throb. She was on fire and deathly cold all at once; and, without noticing the astonished servant who stood gaping after her, she rushed back to the house to find and upbraid them with their treachery. The oak-room, where was their tryst, had a great garden window, of which, at that season, the leaves were set wide open, while within it was shaded by curtains, so that coming softly from the garden one could hide behind them unperceived; and here crept Beatrice hearing already voices of two talking low and earnestly.

Now, if I shall declare that every word of this talk was so much fuel to Beatrice's flame, you may say, "Ay, so it is even in books, but not in nature;" and yet it is often in nature, that what we call circumstances are so much gunpowder to be fired by a word, or so many strands in a net in which an innocent mortal is entangled, and so it is proved here.

The first words that struck on her tortured ears were, "My deares' love," in Robert's voice tender and pleading. To which Barbara answered "Hush! I am in such dread lest we be surprised."

Then the voices sank to a murmur. Beatrice strained her ears, but could catch nothing till she heard Barbara:

"Nay, Master Lamley, it hath cost me too dear already. There be those who suspect us, and have not—" Here her voice sank again, and then Robert answered, as if in taking leave, growing louder to ward the clair, so that she caught the words, "Remember, I will not be denied; and that I will have love for love or nothing."

Now these meetings were known to Beatrice, and really inspired by her; for through them she received her lover's homage; and it should have been plain to her that Robert spoke of his love for her, and did but give the maid a message for his mistress; but if Love's eyes are as an aye Jealousy is born blind. Beatrice pulled aside the curtain, and, coming swiftly and lightly, confronted them with a pale and angry face that, before she could say anything, told the story. With equal swiftness Robert and Barbara both saw their danger, and started guiltily as hath happened to many an innocent person. Beatrice surveyed them with scornful looks.

"Spare yourself an excuse," she said to Robert, forcing out the words with effort from her pale lips. "My senses tell me that you, who were my hero and pattern of chivalry, are a scoundrel and a villain. Do me now the only favour that is possible. Relieve me from your presence, and never venture to approach me by word or letter. For you" (turning to Barbara), "you are even baser than he. Get you gone this night. To your uncle, to the shelter of Lamley Hall, for what I shall say—but get you gone!"

"My dear mistress," Barbara began, tears streaming from her eyes, and tried to take the young lady's gown in her trembling hands; but Beatrice rent it from her grasp.

"I said I will hear nothing. Eyes and ears could not both deceive me. If you touch me, though I be a woman, I am not sure that I will not strike you. I think nothing so base as ye both."

With this she opened the door, brushing as she passed a woman hiding in the shadow: who herself, white and trembling, yet looked after Beatrice, her wide mouth drawn into a sort of snarling grin. It was Mistress Lucy.

One of the most appalling features of suffering and disaster is the indifference of the physical world. The starving wretch

groans and writhes in his straw, and the moon shines in on him as sweetly as it did on his cradle. No bird stints its song though the man rides straight to his doom, into the quicksand, or over the precipice. So the sun shone down unconcernedly, and the water rippled softly and caressingly about the dead upturned face of Barbara Eubank, floating where the current had lodged her against a pier of the bridge.

How she came there could not at first be divined; but they brought her back to the house, from whence she had been thence the night before, and laid her there; the tiny figure once so like the dripping with water; the fair curls dink and tangled with weeds, the teeth clenched, the eyes staring wide open, the whole face distorted into a look of unmistakable agony and terror—a pitiful sight! Beatrice cried out when she saw it that she had destroyed herself, and that it was she herself who had driven the poor girl to despair, and took to her bed, ill. Others came to view, and remained to gossip; for where there is such a taking off, people will be curious to cast about for the cause. They said that there was a strange livid mark about her neck, and that it was unreasonably to suppose that a God-fearing woman like this should have destroyed herself. It was whispered, Heaven knows by whom first that Mrs. Beatrice had words with Robert Lamley because of Barbara; and that Mistress Lucy and Barlicorn had seen the maid and Lamley leave the house together, and from that hour no one had seen her alive. Master Lamley that night came home at midnight, his horse and himself reeking and splashing with mud; and, whereas the week before he was planning to build, he talked now of nothing but of sailing for England. These facts laid together looked darkly.

It often happens that those most concerned hear last of a matter. Sitting sullenly at home, Robert knew nothing of Beatrice's illness, or the scandal concerning himself, till, as he was putting foot in stirrup to ride to the coast and take ship, he was arrested for the murder of Barbara Eubank. He listened at first with astonishment that, if not genuine, was its best counterfeit. But men argued that his first surprise was guilty terror, and his subsequent composure a scared conscience. Not many came to him during the two long months that he lay in gaol, and none from Simon Marson's household. There was reason for this. Simon Marson was a prisoner to gout. Beatrice, lying in her bed, heard nothing of Robert's danger. There are such things as spiritual storms, and when the wind blows in your teeth every straw also lies across your way. So there came to Robert not so much comfort as a word of remembrance from his oldest friends.

But, on the day of his trial, Beatrice, urged perhaps by some premonitions, would ride abroad, though Mrs. Lucy, who was a witness for this trial, of which she had not said a word, made an outcry for her health. So the coach was had out, and Mrs. Lucy got in, hoping that Beatrice might break her neck. Beatrice next would drive through the village, and seeing the stir at the courthouse, asked what it was.

"The trial of Robert Lamley for the murder of Barbara Eubank; answered Mrs. Lucy, as if she would have the words stab her to the heart. And so no doubt they did. But the Marson blood, like the old baron's, ran strong and red, and Beatrice grew not white but scarlet.

"If that be so," she said, slowly, "his friends should be beside him," and she ordered the coach to stop.

So, as the counsel for the people was bringing in his accusation, there was a bustle of an usher making strenuous way toward the front, and looking up, Robert saw—Beatrice, fair and stately, as his lover's eye could note, even then; and she darted him a look as she sat down—a look of loving pity that trilled him through. He thought more of it than of his accuser, who was drawing toward the end of his speech.

"Upon view of the body," he was saying, "it did appear that violence had been used to the woman. There was a crease about her neck, and a bruise under her left ear. So here hath been a murderer committed, and Mr. Lamley was the last man seen in her company. I could wish he had not been so with all my heart. But then it is a very strange thing, being a friend and frequenter at Simon Marson's house, that he would go away, on that night of all others, without leave-taking, as he did; stealing out by night with this woman, as two witnesses shall testify, and from the time that she was seen of him she was not seen of any alive. It is observable also, unless there has been a sort of fate in it, that though Lamley Hall is but half an hour's easy riding from Simon Marson's house, Robert Lamley came home at midnight, weary and mudstained; and though a frequenter of Marson's as foreaid, stirred not to see them when news came of this maid's death and of the confusion of the family, but made all haste to sail for England, whereas the week before he talked of building and enlarging his grounds, to prove which we will now call our witnesses, and then I hope he may put to give you some account of how these matters came about."

Here all eyes turned to the prisoner for those signs of guilt or innocence to which men take such heed, and he, conscious of this stare, kept his face straightforward, and never blenched. Was that like a murderer or like an innocent man? His views leaned to the first opinion. For Beatrice, she looked and listened like one in a nightmare, praying to awake. The man at the bar was her lover. The faces turning darkly toward him were her friends and neighbours; the judge and jury—she knew them all. How could these friendly, familiar faces take on such a dreadful aspect? The talk of the witnesses sounded in her ears like the babble of delirium. One came to tell how he saw the dead girl lie in the water; another to say if she floated or hung; a third, how she was taken up, and of the marks on her neck. A learned surgeon proved that drowned men die of suffocation, and talked much of when a body should swim and when it sinks. Mistress Lucy Marson came upon the stand and swore that, walking in the garden on the night of the murder, she saw Robert Lamley and Barbara go away together. That, standing in the shadow, she heard him ask her to go his road, and that the clock was striking eight as they came out. Barlicorn, Robert's man, swore that being in hiding that night, because of his jealousy of Barbara and his master, he saw them go away together, and forbore to follow them lest he should do them a mischief. That, though he walked and his master was well mounted, he reached home at nine, and his master at midnight.

In those days a prisoner had the right to examine the witnesses, being allowed no other counsel than his wit; but Robert suffered these damaging statements to pass without question, as he had the rest, and being asked what he had to say offered only the following answer:

"What I have to say is this. Here hath been a foul murder committed, but I call God to witness I am innocent of the deed. For the rest, what these people have declared of me is in the main part true. I did frequent Marson's house, and had of late much talk with Barbara Eubank, the subject of which I shall keep to myself; only I solemnly affirm that our conversation was in all innocence and honour. And on the night of which they speak, coming from Marson's house I met this Barbara at the gate, and did ask her which way she went, knowing that she was that day dismissed by her mistress, to which she answered that she should go to her uncle the miller, and went her way, and I saw her no more. But being, for reasons which it concerns none to know, nigh distraught, I rode to that place they call the Hoppers, choosing the worst road, and wishing to break my neck, and resolved to go to England, because the country was grown intolerable to me; and I never heard that I was called in question of this murder till I saw the officers of the law; and here is all I have to offer."

Now here, on one side, was a story circumstantially built up by witnesses, every incident of which was a bloody and terrible finger, and on the other side, the story of a man who had been accused of a foul murder, and who had been cleared by the evidence of his innocence. The two stories did not agree, and the question was, which was the true story? The answer was, that the true story was the one told by the witnesses, and that Robert Lamley was guilty of the murder of Barbara Eubank.

pointing at Robert Lamley, seducer and murderer, and on the other side, a tale told by a man, his guilt all but proved, of an amorous riding about, and of interviews, and a journey for which he could give no reason; but it had the ring of truth in it, and it shook men's prejudices.

All this time Joe Tibbitts, the cobbler, was running, breathless, up the hill. What has the cobbler to do with the trial? Why, everything. And his boy, though the frownsiest imp in the village, had not commenced to cry, judge and jury had never struck the right accent; for it bawled so lustily that, getting weary of the din, the cobbler cried, "Have done."

"I want my ring," howled Tibbitts the younger, "that hath tumbled behind your bench."

The cobbler let down his hand at a venture, and brought up a signet of cornelian, set about with diamonds, and bearing the letters "J. M."

"Why this is a gentleman's signet," cried the cobbler. "Why Lucky! Why wife, I say!"

This adjur'd came out his wife, and seeing what was in hand.

"Now hold thy tongue for a fool," said she. "It is the ring I found in the drowned girl's bosom when I did undress her. The deed went no gauds, and I said nothing. Neither do thou. Give it me and I will it from that brat of ours, who hath eyes like a magpie."

"What!" cried the cobbler. "When a man is tried for his life and here is perhaps what may save or hang him. And thou hast no conscience, I have."

Lucky, a notable shrew, set up a shrill opposition; but the cobbler ran fast, and outran her tongue; and coming headlong into court, regardless of the majesty of the law, as men were looking at each other after Robert's speech, squeaked shrilly,

"May it please the court, this ring was found in the drowned girl's—"

Where—in her mouth? in her pocket? in her shoe? on her finger? for here the majesty of the law pounced on our bold cobbler, and a thousand surmises ran through the court. The spectators were all agape and craning their necks. Who could tell where it was found? Could Mrs. Lucy Marson? The scarlet in her cheeks died out in ashes, and she eyed the cobbler, who being sworn, was now unnuzzled, so like a wild beast about to spring that perhaps it was as well for Lucky Tibbitts's husband that he stood in open court and not alone on a bridge at night with Mrs. Lucy Marson. Her white hands were as strong as they were comely. Her wrists had been like steel in one death-struggle, and her heart had known no pity, though a girl not nineteen prayed for her life. She listened, and her head swam and her ears roared. A shadow fell near her, and she cast a quick, fearful glance. She was not sure whether it had a shape, and its dark hair was twisted with weeds or no. The story was told, and the ring held up to view. Could any identify it?

Lucy Marson rose to her feet, and all eyes turned toward her.

"It is false," she said. "The ring is not mine. I never murdered her!" and then looking fearfully down, "Take her away; she is always praying for her life. She is strong. I never thought she could struggle so. Take her away, I say;" and fell into convulsions.

An indescribable confusion followed. Mrs. Lucy was conveyed away a mad-woman, trying to drive Barbara Eubank from her bosom. Of the signet there could be no doubt. It was Joseph Marson's signet, and since his death Lucy Marson had worn it day and night on her finger. The possible said, "Here was the finger of God," and Robert was honourably acquitted; and I think he could not have sailed for England, for there is an old house, still standing, in which you may see the portrait of Robert Lamley and Beatrice his wife.

ODD NOTIONS.

In most of those wrong notions mentioned in your journal of the 1st of August you will find some substratum of fact. There is no smoke without fire, and there is generally a foundation for some of them—at least we know or can guess at a foundation. That of thirteen persons at table one will die within the year, is distinctly traceable to Our Lord's last supper, where there were thirteen, and He died. The spilling of salt is derived from the Eastern idea that eating salt with a man, or having eaten of his salt, binds you to him. You may remember in the Indian mutiny that having eaten of John Company's salt kept many men faithful; and it was constantly thrown in the teeth of those who broke faith with us, "that they had eaten our salt;" therefore spilling or wasting this symbol of friendship would be considered unlucky,—though why the unlucky should be purged by throwing a pinch of it over the left shoulder, I do not see, unless because the left is also the unlucky side. Stammering at beginning a speech means that if you begin ill you are likely to go on ill, and end badly. Breaking a mirror is referable to the days when mirrors were most rare, at least glass ones, and accounted magical instruments. No magician was properly set up in trade without his mirror. Breaking a window-glass is also thought unlucky. (I find it so myself when I have to get a new set through breakages.) Magpies being unlucky is a superstition most likely as old as the ark or older; it is both Celtic and Teutonic;—and I believe the odd numbers are those most unlucky. Certain animals crossing our path is the same, and has a parallel superstition in India; but the reason why is probably lost in the mists of antiquity. That animals should be killed at certain times of the month, is most likely founded on the fact of their meat keeping better at one time than another, and being less likely to be putrefied by a weak and waning moon than by a strong and waxing moon. Washing hands in water which has been used by another, causing them either to kiss or quarrel, has been referred to Pilate washing his hands; but I think it must be referred to the older use and custom which he illustrated of washing an evil deed off his hands into the water, which would contaminate the water or any that touched it. The raven (not the common rook) is a very strong, wise, and wary bird, and, being extremely common among the Northern nations, was adopted as their emblem, much as an eagle was by the Romans and others, and from its feeding on corpses would be considered as unlucky by all who were likely to be exposed to battle or attack by the Northmen, to say nothing of any traditions that might remain, from the scuttled ships, and remnants of Balor worship and Ashtoreth worship that still linger amongst us. How many ladies tell you to bow to the new moon; that it is unlucky to see the new moon through glass; to turn a piece of money in your pocket for lack the first time you see the new moon, which was at least as ancient as the time of Job, who emphatically declares that he has never kis'ed his hand to the moon.

A great deal of curious matter is to be found in these wrong notions. Among fishermen there is a belief that a salmon weighs more when dead than when just caught; apropos of a man weighing more when dead than when alive, and which is very likely true, as when the lungs are inflated a man really weighs less, otherwise why does he float higher in water? The twelfth wave on the sea coast is really the largest. The belief in the rowan or mountain-ash being efficacious against witchcraft is known over all Europe, but I should like to know the reason of it.

ANOTHER WORD ABOUT ROAST DONKEY.—The Food Committee of the Society of Arts recommend the donkey as an article of food. "Every one," says Mr. Chester, "who has eaten roast donkey has pronounced it excellent." In flavour it resembles turkey. A few years ago I was offered a young donkey at Buxton for 15. 6d. (which is less than the price of goose), and an adult for a guinea. If these are average prices, donkey flesh can surely be made a remunerative article of food, especially where commons and waste lands abound.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

WINDSOR, Nov. 16.—The Queen accompanied by Princess Beatrice, went out this morning.

Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Prussia (Princess Royal), attended by the Duchess of Roxburgh, went out walking. Princess Louise also went out, attended by Countess Hohenthal. Their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince of Prussia and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, attended by Major-General F. H. Seymour, went out shooting.

The Marquis of Ailesbury, Count Farstenstein, and Major-General Sir T. M. Biddulph had the honour of accompanying their Royal Highnesses.

The Duke of Nemours and Princess Marguerite of Orleans, and the Duke and Duchess d'Alengon, visited the Queen to-day, and remained to luncheon.

Baron and Baroness de Katté had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal Family yesterday.

Rear-Admiral J. W. Tarleton, C.B., has arrived at the Castle.

The Princess of Wales drove out yesterday.

Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands visited the Princess of Wales at Marlborough House.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Major Grey, returned to Marlborough House last evening from Sandringham.

The Princess Louise dined with the Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein on Saturday. The following had the honour of receiving invitations:—The Marquis and Marchioness of Ailesbury, Colonel and Lady Elizabeth de Ros, Lady Susan Melville, Lord Raglan, Mr. Duckworth, and Mr. G. D. Engleheart.

WINDSOR, Tuesday.—The Prince and Princess of Prussia, Prince and Princess Christian, and Princess Louise left Windsor at ten o'clock for Waterloo. The arrangements for departure from Windsor station were under the control of Mr. Cheeseman.

LORD MAYOR'S COURT.

The Lord Mayor's Court at the Guildhall is familiar not only to most of our metropolitan readers but also to many of our country subscribers, who in their visit to London do not forget the remarkable places in the city. The recent embellishments give to the court a more lively and agreeable appearance.

The portrait of the Lord Mayor published in our last is the copyright of the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, 54, Cheapside.

LIFE.

The following remarkable compilation is a contribution to the *San Francisco Times* from the pen of Mrs. H. A. Deming. The reader will notice that each line is a quotation from some of the standard authors of England and America. This is the result of a year's laborious search among the leading poets of the past and present time.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
Life's a short summer, man a flower.
By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
The cradle and the tomb, alas, so nigh.
To be, is better far than not to be,
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
But light e'er speaks when mighty griefs are dumb,
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
Your fate is but the common fate of all;
Unmingled joys here to no man befall.
Nature to each allots his proper sphere;
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;
Custom does often reason overrule,
And throw a cruel snaphash on a fool.
Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven;
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
Sin may be clasped so close, we cannot see its face,
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
Her sensual snarest lot faithless pleasure lay,
With craft and skill, to ruin and betray;
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
We masters grow of all that we despise.
Then, I renounce that impious self-esteem;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream,
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
What is ambition?—'tis a glorious cheat!
Only destructive to the brave and great,
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
How long we live, not years, but actions tell;
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
Make then, while yet we may, your God your friend,
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just:
For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

YOUNG.
DR. JOHNSON.
POPE.
PRIOR.
SWELL.
SPENSER.
DANIEL.
Raleigh.
LONGFELLOW.
SOUTHWELL.
CONGREVE.
CHURCHILL.
ROCHESTER.
ARMSTRONG.
MILTON.
BAILEY.
TRENCH.
SOMERVILLE.
THOMPSON.
BYRON.
SMOLLETT.
CHABRE.
MASSINGER.
COWLEY.
BEATTIE.
COWPER.
DAVENANT.
GRAY.
WILLIS.
ADDISON.
DRYDEN.
QUARLES.
WATKINS.
HERRICK.
MASON.
HILL.
DANA.
SHAKESPEARE.

PARTED.

We sang together, you and I,
In quiet church, sweet songs of praise;
Your voice was like an angel's voice,
Your face was as an angel's face.

We knelt together, you and I,
In that dim old church, in sight of Heaven.
And you prayed a prayer that the angels know,
That sin may be forgiven.

We walked together, you and I,
In the happy groves where wood-birds sing,
But sweeter were the pleasant words
That you kept murmuring.

They beat in time with our glad hearts,
Old words they wore from some old song,
Laughing, you sang them, all for me,
As we two wandered on.

We talked together, you and I,
Wise things you spoke for one so young;
I listened, feeling all the while
That on your words a story hung.

We lived together, you and I,
In those old years, two friends no more;
Did we ever dream of what was to be
Could we span the years that were on before?

If we loved together, you and I,
Was it wise that the love was never told?
Was it better to let the time glide on
Till both life and love were old?

GREY or faded hair restored to the original colour by F. E. SIMEON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE "GABRIELLE" PALETOT.

The material may be either velvet or cloth; the trimmings are satin. The back has a single seam, and indicates the figure but slightly. The front, which is in the form of a sac-paletot without plait, is shorter than the back, and terminates with a plaited bourse. The shoulders are covered with a pelican open at the back, and the coat-shaped-sleeves are ornamented either with cross bands of satin, or with fancy braid. This style of paletot is very suitable to elderly figures.

FASHIONABLE TOILETTES.

BLACK SILK DINNER DRESS.—The front of the skirt is plain, and the lower part is bordered with a flounce fifteen inches deep, headed by fringe and crossbands of satin. The back of the skirt forms a long manteau de cour, which is fastened at the edge and gathered round the waist. The dress is then completed with a full panier gathered across, edged with fringe and looped up with bows. Similar bows are repeated on the front breadth. High bodice, fastened in front, and trimmed as a square berthe with fringe and crossbands of satin, or with fancy braid. Close fitting sleeves, ornamented to correspond.

GREY LYONS POPLIN DRESS—BLACK VELVET LOUIS XV. MANTLE.—It forms a large plait at the back; the front is rounded off sharply, and the whole is trimmed with rich lace, headed by a ruche. The sleeves terminate with a revers of lace, and are edged with a ruche. Pink satin bonnet, composed of a small pouf, surrounded with blonde and ornamented with bows to match. Satin string, with a bow under the chin.

DRESSING JACKET.

The material of this jacket is white cambric, and the trimmings consist of medallions, and edging in white embroidery. The upper part of the jacket consists of narrow tucks arranged to form a pointed pelican; they are decorated with medallions which are sewn on, and the cambric is cut on. The pelican is then bordered with the insertion and edging combined. The collar is double, and is trimmed in the same manner.

DRESSING GOWN IN SCARLET CASHMERE.

This dressing-gown is cut in the "Princesse" form, and if fastened the entire length of the front with buttons and button-holes. It is trimmed with wide crossbands of black velvet, two on which frame the buttons, and two others form the plastron both on skirt and bodice. The spaces between these bands are then studded with velvet stars. This ornamentation is continued on the back in the form of a small pointed pelican, and is repeated on the lower part of the sleeve. The waistband is velvet; it fastens at the back with a rosette and two sash ends.

FASHIONABLE TOILETTES.

PROMENADE COSTUME.—The material lady's cloth; the colour dark sage green. It consists of a long skirt edged with a flounce. Above the flounce there are three crossbands of black satin. The plain front forms a tablier edged with similar trimmings, ornamental drop buttons being added at the side. Short paletot, double-breasted and crossed in front. The trimming corresponds with that on the skirt. The back is ornamented with a square cap, which reaches to the shoulders only, and is edged with black drop buttons. Coat-shaped sleeves trimmed at the cuff. Velvet "Marquise" hat well turned up at the sides, and adorned in front with an upright tuft of feathers.

EVENING TOILETTE.—Azure blue satin dress; the front of the skirt is plain, and the lower part is trimmed in the form of a tablier with a deep bouillonné and two lace flounces enriched with satin bows. The skirt is then completed with a long manteau de cour, or French-court train, bordered with satin cut on the cross, and ornamented with rich satin bows. Small casques, forming both a bonifant panier and bodice to the dress. It is edged with lace, and looped up with ribbon bows; a narrower lace forms braces or bretelles at the back and front of the bodice. The waistband is fastened at the back with a large bow. Coat-shaped sleeves, cut out in scallops at the back seam. Bow of satin ribbon in the hair.

The festivities have commenced at Compiègne, where the Imperial host and hostess preceded their guests by two days. Their Majesties left St. Cloud with all their household on Thursday, the 5th inst., at half-past five in the evening; they took the direct route by Argenteuil without passing through Paris.

The Imperial train consisted of the saloon carriage, and the terrace carriages and fourteen ordinary compartments. When the travellers arrived at the Castle, night had closed in; M. Chavrois (prefect of the department), General de la Martinière, and the municipal functionaries were in attendance to receive the Imperial party. Their Majesties at once entered a large landau, drawn by four horses, and proceeded quickly to the Palace, escorted by a party of Cuir-Guards and Carabiniers. The Prince Imperial sat with his back to the horses, and General Lepic was at his side. Their Majesties were greeted warmly on their arrival—the band struck up "Partant pour la Syrie," the drums beat a salut, and the crowd remained about the gates long after the Imperial party were comfortably housed.

The officials in attendance on their Majesties consisted during the first week, of the Prince de la Moskowa (master of the hounds); Viscount de la Ferrière, first chamberlain, who replaces the Duke de Bassano, the grand chamberlain, at present in England. The Viscount does not take up his abode permanently at Compiègne, but travels backwards and forwards between there and the Tuilleries, as he is obliged to grant audiences in Paris instead of the Duke de Bassano, and then he is compelled to be occasionally at Compiègne to see that the Empress's orders are well carried out.

The Duke de Tascher la Pagerie acts for the time as the Emperor's first chamberlain, and he is assisted in his somewhat onerous duties by two other chamberlains, by an aide-de-camp, and by two orderly officers. The Countess de la Bedoyer, the Princess d'Eseling, and Mlle. de Lermina and Marion (maids of honour) are attached to the Empress's suite.

The evening of the Empress's arrival at Compiègne, her Majestie wore a short costume of black gros grain, looped up à la Watteau, with large satin bows; kid boots without the slightest glaze on them; long Swedish gloves; linen collar and cuffs, simply backstitched; a black toque ornamented with a roll of black velvet and black feathers, and a small black lace mask veil over her face. On alighting from the railway carriage her Majesty felt chilled, so a large white cashmere mantle was immediately wrapped round her shoulders.

The first series of guests, numbering eighty-seven, arrived on Monday in time for dinner. They comprised several members of the Imperial family and distinguished personages belonging to various classes of society.

The costumes worn by the ladies at Compiègne during the day are of the most brilliant description. A new style has been inaugurated for this year's festivities, and the velours colibris to which I referred last week—those shot velvets of bright dazzling colours—is the material chosen for their composition. Some are exact imitations of the plumage of the humming bird. There are green velvets shot with violet, blue velvets shot with gold, brown velvets shot with flame colour; in fact, every variety and contrast imaginable. Black velvets shot with colours are also charming; black and emerald green, black and ruby, black and sapphire, black and topaz, are all most effective; jewels thrown upon the soft rich ground could not be more dazzling.

AMERICAN FEELING ON REVERDY JOHNSON'S ENGLISH SPEECH.

THERE has been another banquet in England at Liverpool in honour of the United States Minister, and Mr. Johnson made a speech, and Lord Stanley made a speech, and Mr. Gladstone made a speech; and if dining and wining and talking could do the work the peace between the United States and Great Britain is secured. "Peace," says Mr. Johnson, "is beyond the possibility of doubt."

"It is the settled principle of England," said Lord Stanley, "to respect, scrupulously, the rights of every nation. . . . to 'feel no narrow, no selfish, no exclusive object,'" &c., &c., &c. Is Mr. Johnson's remark of the same kind as that of Lord Stanley? His Lordship would perhaps hardly admit the opinion of China and India as to the wholly unselfish nature of the British foreign policy; would he listen more kindly to that of the United States? Does he seriously suppose that we think the policy of the British Government to have been just, generous, friendly, towards us in the late war? Lord Stanley proceeded to say that upon the Alabama question there is a "very decided hope" that it may be near its solution. Does the Alabama controversy grow out of the scrupulously liberal foreign policy of the British Government?

We certainly hope, with Lord Stanley, that the feeling of bitterness towards England in this country may be diminishing. But when he says that that feeling was never reciprocated in England, we are compelled to congratulate his lordship upon his conveniently short memory. He has forgotten the performances of the London

with such a tempest of affectionate enthusiasm as that of John Bright. He represents the England whose heart beat with ours in the most threatening hour of our existence. But Lord Stanley must recollect that Mr. Bright opposed the "selfish, narrow, and exclusive" official policy of England.

The anti-British feeling in this country is of course traditional. It dates from the last century, and was marvellously refreshed by the war of 1812. If it was kindled to its old hot point by the war of the rebellion, it was wholly by the conduct of the British Government. There were, indeed, consideration and excuses which we have formerly mentioned. But all reasoning, all diplomacy goes wrong which assumes a feeling which does not exist. There is a kind of impatience and even of suspicion occasioned by mere fine words. The American people will judge the character of the English foreign policy wholly by what the Government does and not in the least by Lord Stanley's hopes and wishes. If the Alabama claims are settled upon palpably fair principles the people of this country will ask nothing more. But Lord Stanley should beware how he invites us to contemplate the precedent of British unselfishness as a promise of the happy issue of our differences.

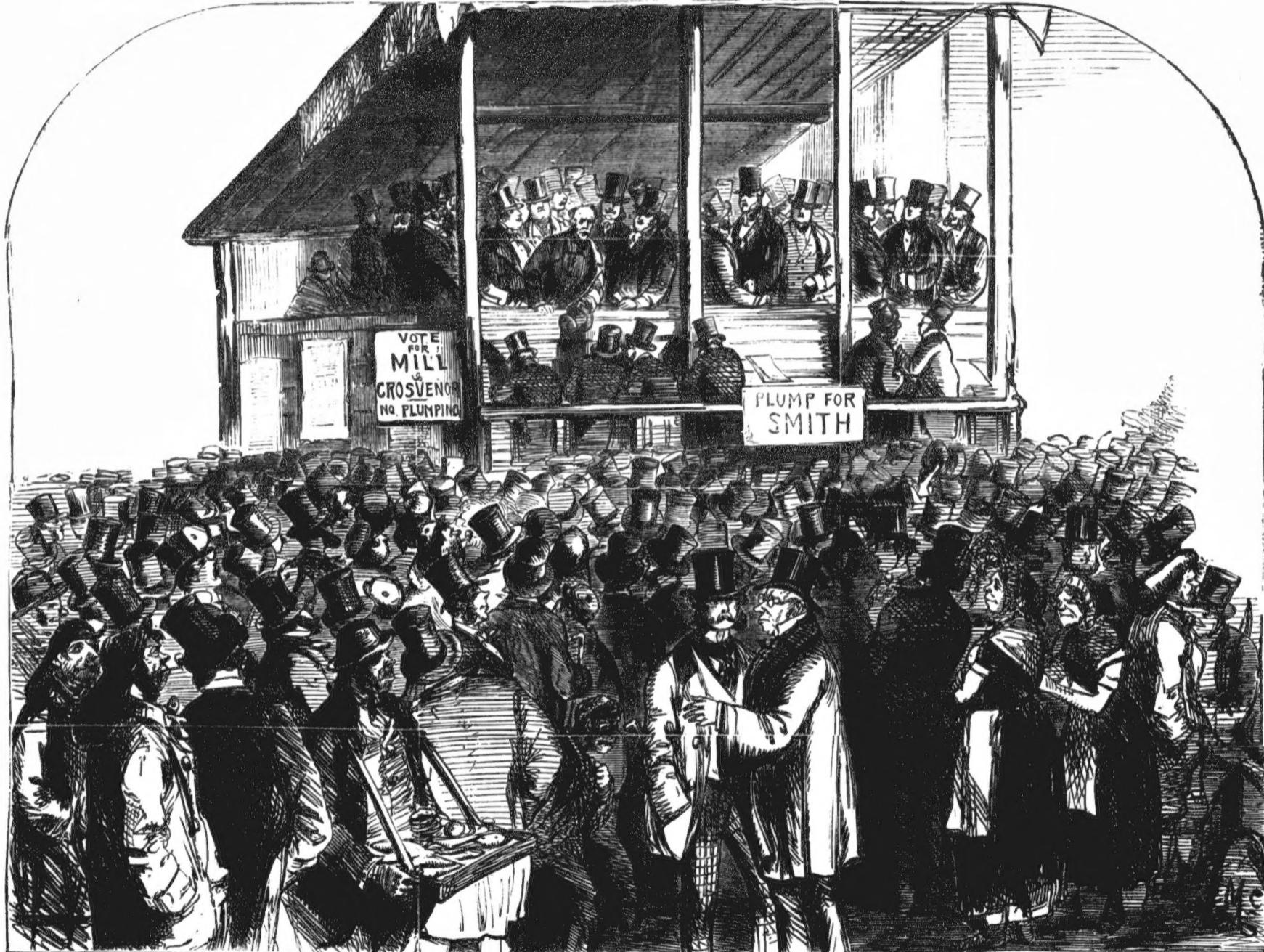
A CANVASSING SCENE.

PUBLIC attention has been a good deal attracted to a certain injudicious act by some of the candidates for the representation of Manchester and their friends. It appears that on Tuesday, the busiest day of the week, and between one and two o'clock, the busiest time of the day. Messrs. Hoare and Birley, accompanied

however, some excited subscribers made a rush from south to north, others equally animated made a vigorous push from the north to south, and the candidates and their friends were able to estimate the sensations of a walnut when embraced by a pair of nut-crackers. Hats were brought into unnatural contact with noses, neckerchiefs came untied, coats were torn, and hundreds of shirt-buttons were afterwards observed upon the floor. Mr. Birley found himself with his back against the pillar numbered 7, and able to contemplate with advantage the display in Messrs. Agnew's window, while Mr. Hoare was thrust amongst the iron men, and found himself absorbed in the proceedings of the workmen who are engaged in building the New Exchange. Mr. Romaine Callender has not been heard of since, and there is a strong impression that he must have gone through the floor, and is now wandering hopelessly and helplessly amongst the beer barrels of Alderman Goblet in the cellars below. Mr. Hoare's hat, which was lost, and is found, may be seen on application to Haldeman Selby, Cross Street, and Mr. Hugh Birley will be happy to receive the congratulations of his friends on his marvellous escape, whenever they may choose to call upon him.—*Manchester Free Lance.*

ANSWERED.

"SPEAK the word only," so we prayed, "and, Lord, the stricken shall be healed." And then we waited full of faith until His power should be revealed, And looked to see Him come again and heal the sick and cure the pain.



THE HUSTINGS AT CHARING CROSS.

Times during the war; the paper which is the peculiar and accepted organ of British opinion. He has forgotten that debate in Parliament, when the editorials of the *Times* became the hot speeches of eminent gentlemen. He has forgotten the eagerness with which British public opinion seized the opportunity offered by the Trent affair for war with the United States. Lord Stanley must remember, however, that we have not. He ought to know that when he says the American feeling of bitterness was never reciprocated, he not only carelessly forgets, but that his remark is almost a taunt, for our bitterness of feeling was the result of unspeakable amazement that Great Britain, the West Indian emancipator, joined hands with the insurrection of a slave-aristocracy to overthrow constitutional government; our bitter feeling sprang from the clear preception that the British foreign policy was directed to the "narrow, selfish, and exclusive object" of British aggrandizement at every cost.

We do not willingly, nor with any acrimonious or hostile feeling, recall these truths. But sensible men in England, as well as in this country, ought to be tired of mere complimentary international gammon and spinage at public dinners. All truly intelligent people in this country consider the cause of England and the United States substantially the same; for it is the cause of constitutional liberty and political morality as the foundation of material prosperity. But while that is truly the cause, it by no means always seems to be so. The official attitude of Great Britain during the war was very different from the feeling of some English people; and in that feeling was to found the England to which the heart of this country looks with sympathy. There is no man in the world whose coming to this country would be greeted

by Mr. Councillor Birch, Mr. Thomas Birley, and Mr. Romaine Callender, jun., entered the Exchange. Having passed the Commissioner on duty, the whole party removed their hats, an act which was doubtless intended to show their respect for the five thousand gentlemen present, but which to their surprise attracted immediate and unmistakeable attention. Mr. Birch constituting himself for the nonce a thin end of a wedge essayed to clear a way through the crowd. He was followed by the two candidates, Messrs. Thomas Birley, and Callender bringing up the rear. In this order they made their way slowly enough to the opposite end of the large room. During their progress they were cheered by the vehement greetings of their friends, and not at all abashed by the equally violent hootings of their political opponents. Having reached the gallery, the visitors, who if not noisy themselves were the cause of sufficient noise in others, ascended the stairs, and approaching the front, still hat in hand, looked very much as if they meant making speeches. Like the Ghost of Hamlet's father, Mr. Hoare

"—lifted up his head, and did address
Himself to motion, like as he would speak,
But even then—

The Master of the Exchange appeared in the gallery, and forbade any such display. Having listened to the "most sweet voices" of a thousand Oldhamers, and half as many Snigbrookians, until they had had about enough of it, the candidates and their friends once more descended into the busy crowd. Here the procession was reformed, or to be precise, re-formed, and the five bareheaded disturbers of the peace of the commercial community attempted to retire by the way they had come. About the centre of the room,

He came, as we entreated Him; our eager prayers were not denied; He saw His loved ones sick and faint, He gently came and stood beside
The feverish and the weary bed, and softly raised the drooping head.

He spoke the word we longed to hear, the mighty word of healing power,
And they who had been full of pain were quite recovered in an hour;
He made them whole, and strong, and glad, who had been weary, sick, and sad,

It was not as we wanted it, 'twas even better than our prayer:
He raised them from the couch of pain, and carried them with tender care
Into his home of perfect peace, and bade the pain and sorrow cease.
We would have kept them with us still; He loved them better far than we;
He took them from our changing hearts into His light and liberty,
And now while they His anthems swell, we meekly whisper, "It is well."

They are before the throne of God; no tears are in their loving eyes,
No longer weak and frail are they, for God Himself has made them wise.
Oh, that to us He soon would come and take us also to His home!

MARIANNE FARNHAM.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

MR. ANDREW JOHNSON was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29, 1808. At the age of four years he lost his father, who died from the effect of exertions to save a friend from drowning. He was apprenticed to a tailor in his native city at the early age of ten, with whom he served seven years. His mother was unable to afford him any educational advantages, and he never attended school a day in his life. While learning his trade, however, he made an effort to educate himself. His anxiety to be able to read was particularly excited by an incident which is worthy of mention. A gentleman of Raleigh was in the habit of going into the tailor's shop and reading while the apprentice and journeymen were at work. He was an excellent reader, and his favorite book was a volume of speeches, principally of British statesmen. Johnson became interested, and his first ambition was to equal him as a reader and become familiar with those speeches. Accordingly, he took up the alphabet without an instructor; but, by applying to the journeymen with whom he worked, he obtained a little assistance.

Having acquired a knowledge of the letters he applied for a

Up to this time Mr. Johnson's education was limited to reading, as he had never had an opportunity of learning to write or cipher; but, under the instructions of his wife, he learned these and other accomplishments. The only time, however, he could devote to them was in the dead of the night.

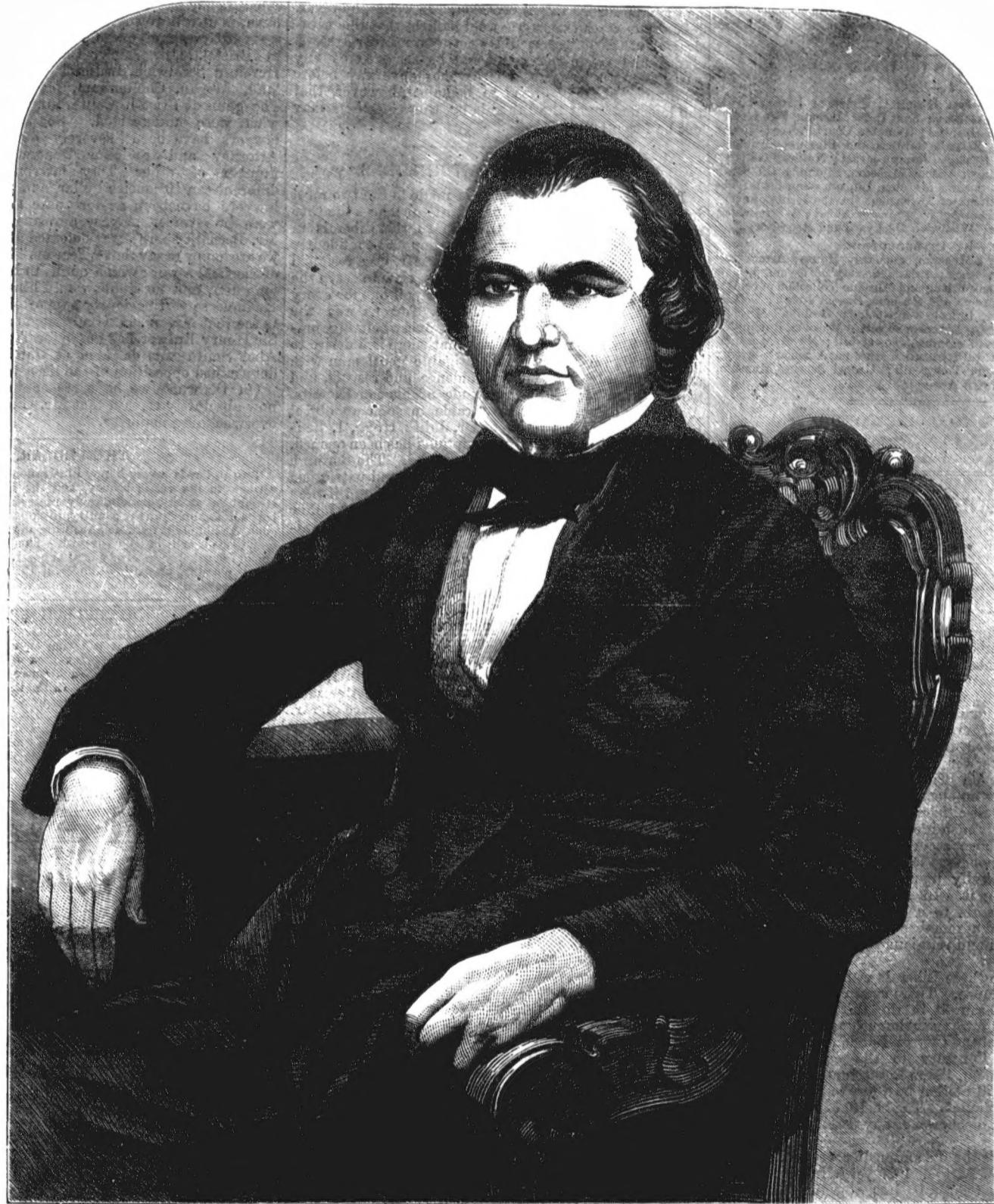
The first office which he ever held was that of alderman of the village, to which he was elected in 1828. He was re-elected to the same position in 1829, and again in 1830. In that year he was chosen mayor, which position he held three years.

In 1835 he was elected to the legislature. In the session of that year, he took decided ground against a scheme of internal improvement, contending that they would not only prove a failure, but entail upon the State a burdensome debt. The measure was popular, however, and at the next election (1837) he was defeated. He became a candidate again in 1838.

By this time many of the evils he had predicted were fully demonstrated, and he was elected by a large majority. In 1840 he served as presidential elector for the State at large on the Democratic ticket. He canvassed a large portion of the State, meeting upon this tour several of the leading Whig orators. In 1841 he

places during the afternoon of his arrival. While amusing themselves in this way the strange youth told his companion that, in coming along in the train that morning, he had given a boy a bright cent for a pond-lily, and that the coin having been mistaken for a five-cent one, the vendor of lilies had paid him four cents back as change. The merchant's son questioned the honesty of the transaction, but the young man from the country defended it on the score of its smartness. The merchant's boy related the incident to his father, who, on conversing with the country youth, found that he was inclined to pride himself on the act, and boldly defended it. The merchant, knowing that one who exhibited dishonest notions about a small thing would most probably have very loose ideas about matters of greater importance, told him that it was impossible to employ him, and the youth was sent home to his father with an explanatory letter of regret. When, in like manner, all our eminent business men will regard pure honesty above mere smartness in their employés, then will the standard of just dealing speedily rise higher, and cheating, in any form, he regarded as ignoble.

A "TRAVELED Country Cousin" is surprised to have seen no



ANDREW JOHNSON, THE RETIRING PRESIDENT OF AMERICA.

loan of the book which he had so often heard read. The owner made him a present of it and gave him some instruction on the use of letters in the formation of words. Thus, his first exercises in spelling were in that book. By perseverance he soon learned to read; and the hours which he devoted to education were at night, after he had finished his daily labour on the shop-board.

Having completed his apprenticeship in the autumn of 1824, he went to Lauren's Courthouse, South Carolina, where he worked as a journeyman for nearly two years. While there he became engaged to be married, but the match was broken off by the violent opposition of the girl's mother and friends, the ground of the objection being Mr. Johnson's youth and the want of pecuniary means.

In May, 1826, he again returned to Raleigh, where he procured work as a journeyman, and remained there until September, when he set out to seek his fortune in the West, taking with him his mother, who was entirely dependent on him for support. He stopped at Greenville, Tennessee, and commenced work as a journeyman. He remained there about twelve months, married, and soon afterwards went still further westward; but, failing to find a suitable place to settle, he returned to Greenville, and commenced business.

was elected to the State Senate. In 1843 he was elected to Congress, where, by successive elections, he served until 1853.

During this period of service he was conspicuous in advocating the Bill for refunding the fine imposed on General Jackson at New Orleans in 1815, the annexation of Texas, the tariff of 1846, the war measures from Mr. Polk's Administration, and a Homestead Bill. In 1853 he was elected Governor of Tennessee, after an exciting canvass. He was re-elected in 1855, after another active contest. At the expiration of his second period as governor, in 1857, he was elected United States Senator for a full term, ending March 3, 1863, at the next presidential election he was made Vice-President, and took the oaths on the 4th of March; and on the assassination of President Lincoln, he succeeded to the office of that ill-fated man.

The old adage of "Honesty is the best policy" extends to minute matters—for very little things reveal character. A week or two ago a boy about sixteen years old went from the country to Boston to enter a prominent mercantile house. The head of the firm received the youth in a most kindly manner, and caused his son to take him around town and show him the principal

record of the official reception given to the Chinese embassy now in London, and comes to the conclusion that if there has been any reception at all it cannot have been of a very brilliant or impressive character. "If," says he, "the Hereditary Grand Duke of Stiff-and-Starkenstein, whose dominions consist of half-a-dozen square miles, predestined to be gobbled up by Prussia, and whose exports to England are represented by some thousand dozens of Seltzer water and a few gross of meerschaum pipes per annum, had paid us a visit, a special train would have conveyed his Serenity from Southampton to London, a deputation of directors would have been in attendance at each railway terminus; her Majesty's carriages, accompanied perhaps by a squadron of Life Guards, would have conveyed the illustrious stranger to Windsor; he would have dined in state at the Mansion House, and feasted with civic companies. But for the representatives of one-third of mankind we have no national welcome to offer." Speaking from his own knowledge of the character of Chinamen, the writer thinks that if it be British policy to humiliate and vex them, that policy is likely to meet with entire success.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.—King O' Scots. Phelps.
PRINCESS'S.—After Dark. Seven.
ADELPHI.—Monte Christo. Mr. Fechter.
LYCEUM.—The Rightful Heir.
STRAND.—Sisterly Service—The Field of Gold—
Marriage at Any Price. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—The Lancashire Lass. Seven.
ROYALTY.—Richard III.: An Old Dickey with a New Front
and Farces.
PRINCE OF WALES.—Atch and Society.
NEW HOLBORN.—Blow for Blow and Lucretia Borgia.
ASTLEY'S.—Siege of Magdala.
SURREY.—Land Rats and Water Rats.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Equestrianism, &c. Eight.
BRITANNIA.—Various Dramas.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy's Minstrels. Eight.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from
Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk,
and from Seven till Ten.
ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Soverene House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1868.

THE ELECTIONS.

CONSIDERABLY more than half of the members of the new House of Commons were returned before we went to press, and the Liberal gain is about 40. This will doubtless be increased before our next issue.

The new borough constituencies have gone with the Liberals without exception. In some counties, as South Essex, the Liberals have either walked the course or signally triumphed, but the Conservatives are sanguine of gaining very much in this class of constituencies. In London on Tuesday the excitement was intense. Probably no election in the City within the memory of the oldest citizen produced so much earnestness. The Liberals sustained a defeat.

The minority clause secured the return of a Tory. This result could not have taken place had the Liberals worked systematically upon a given plan with the object of defeating it. In Manchester a like neglect gave one of the seats to a Tory, a Tory of the most violent school, and a member of a family relentlessly hostile to the civil and religious rights of the people of Manchester.

In Birmingham three Liberals were returned in spite of the minority clause. There are in that town Tories enough to have brought in the third man had their opponents played into their hands, as the Liberals of Manchester and of the City of London so foolishly and recklessly did. Contrary to the expectation of all persons out of London, Baron Rothschild was the defeated Liberal. This will neither be a loss to the City nor to the House of Commons. The health of the Baron unfitted him for the discharge of any description of public duties.

Mr. Crawford is the old and well-proved friend of the City of London. Mr. Bell is very little of a Tory; personally, no man could be less objectionable, and in or out of the City there is not a more courteous man of business. Mr. Gladstone is sure to have his assistance in any efforts to reduce taxation and lighten the burdens of the people. Messrs. Twells and Gibbons are political nobodies. The Westminster election has issued in a manner for which the leading Liberals were not prepared. In our paper of last Saturday week, however, we foreshadowed it. It was in our power to write more plainly on the subject, but we forbore to do so preferring a prudent reticence. The loss of John Stuart Mill's seat arose from causes which will produce the same effect in any other constituency. These we pointed out on Saturday week, and need now be only passingly referred to. His supposed sympathy with scepticism, his support of Bradlaugh the most outspoken Atheist that ever appeared in England, the minority clause, for which the public hold Mr. Mill mainly responsible, the woman suffrage, a supposed disposition for crotchetts in general, and the hostile attitude which the licensed victuallers assumed to him for wishing to close public houses on Sunday. It was impossible in the teeth of all these obstacles that he

could win. The Wesleyan Methodists polled very early for Smith, solely in order to exclude Mill, for what they considered his opposition to revealed religion, and very considerable numbers of Liberal Churchmen and Dissenters, on the same grounds, voted for Smith alone, or Smith and Grosvenor.

In another article we shall point out the issues in the metropolis generally, but before dismissing the subject of the City and Westminster elections, we feel able to say that the City will soon recover itself, and that the minority clause will not secure a seat for a Tory hereafter. In Westminster we believe that the Tories have a majority if the wealthy classes take part in the election, which, until the present, has not been their practice. Were there a fresh election this year, or next, the same members would undoubtedly be returned. The number of Liberals who believe that chiefly through Mr. Mill, the City, Manchester, Leeds, &c., have a Tory representative would undoubtedly vote again as they did on the recent occasion. It would, however, mislead our readers were we to affirm that the withdrawal of Mr. Mill would secure two Liberal seats. Smith and Grosvenor could not be removed by any party efforts unless indeed Grosvenor gave way before an influential Tory. It is to be hoped, however, that the lessons taught the Liberals by these elections may not be forgotten.

THE METROPOLITAN RETURNS.

IN another article reference is made to the two most important of the Metropolitan constituencies—the City and Westminster. The triumph to the Liberals in the Metropolis generally was, as they had confidently expected it would be. In Finsbury, Mr. Cox resigned between two and three, chiefly with a view to serve the Tory candidate, who was not able to poll one for every two that polled against him. Mr. Torrens was the favourite, and was returned by an overwhelming majority. We are rejoiced to see that there is a desire to present this Liberal and indefatigable gentleman with a substantial testimonial of confidence and respect, and we may even add of the gratitude of his constituents. A meeting of gentlemen favourable to such an object has been held at the house of Dr. Jabez Hogg, 1, Bedford-square, and a list of subscriptions has been opened, which we trust will be largely increased. The Borough of Finsbury has shown its public spirit and patriotism in electing Mr. Torrens and his colleague, and if they are as Liberal in purse as in principle they will follow up the example already set by a few of them. The sanitary bill of last session was carried by Mr. Torrens through sheer perseverance and ability against powerful opposition; and for household suffrage and a good lodger franchise we are also mainly indebted to that gentleman. Mr. Torrens is not simply a politician, he is a statesman, and his eloquence and his actions are free from crotchetts, so common now in both Houses.

In the Tower Hamlets the constituents, notwithstanding Mr. Ayrton's whims, did not forsake him, and they have given him as a colleague a better man than himself. As we predicted, the influence of Mr. Reed was ascendant in Hackney. Both Mr. Harvey Lewis and Mr. Chambers had given cause to their constituents for dissatisfaction, but the electors "let bygones be" and as the gentlemen were lavish of their promises for future good behaviour, the people proved relenting. The election at Greenwich was one of the most important. Fearing that Mr. Gladstone might sustain a defeat in Lancashire, where the landed interest is putting forth every effort to accomplish such a purpose, the electors of Greenwich determined to return him for that borough. We hope that the leader of the Liberal party, so soon to be the leader of the House, will sit for a Lancashire constituency, and that his own county will not dishonour itself by his rejection; in that case there will be a new election for one seat at Greenwich; for which Mr. Baxter Langley means to contend. Southwark has secured two good representatives; Mr. Locke, a useful and straightforward man, and Mr. Layard, one of the most accomplished and gifted of the Metropolitan members. When in office the latter gentleman was cold and supercilious, but this was more felt by members of Parliament than by his constituents. It is to be hoped that out of office he has learned the importance of being more conciliatory. He is a good speaker, but during the last session the Liberal party was not much indebted to his eloquence. Lambeth has found an excellent and adequate representative in two members of the Corporation of London, the Lord Mayor and Mr. McArthur. It is desirable that Liberal magnates of the Corporation should enter Parliament for both metropolitan and provincial constituencies, as there is a strong disposition among the high Whigs and crotchet-mongers to abolish the Corporation or greatly diminish its authority, and therefore its usefulness. The City is better regulated in all civic matters than any other part of London, and if Sir Richard Mayne and his police would take a leaf out of the City book there would be more security to person and property beyond the City confines. The Middlesex election, which gave so much uneasiness to the electors, is after all likely to be conducted in a satisfactory manner. The disunion between the two candidates is healed, or at all event bound up for the present, they will co-operate at the polls. The London University proved true to its Liberal aspirations. Gravesend has begun well, having returned a Liberal on the first occasion upon which it has exercised its electoral privileges.

Notwithstanding that the Liberal party has lost two Metropolitan seats its gains in other parts of the capital have compensated.

THE PROVINCES.

THE new constituencies have done well. Gravesend may be considered a suburb of London, notwithstanding its distance from St. Paul's, but the remoter constituencies which for the first time saw an election proved themselves worthy of the privileges by the selections which they made, and the spirit with which they performed their duty. Dewsbury, Darlington, Stockton, Wednesbury, and Burnley have all been true to Liberal principles. Merthyr Tydfil for the first time returned two members, and both are Liberal. The additional seat at Birmingham, Leeds, Glasgow, and Salford has in each case been won by the popular party. Several very large towns have turned out a Liberal for a Tory, such as Stockport, Coventry, Nottingham, Taunton, Norwich, Chester, Portsmouth, and Bolton. Sir J. Watkin did much harm to the Liberal cause in the first named of these places, as Earl Grosvenor did at Chester. Coventry is an anti-free trade City, and the new constituency has a Tory majority. Bolton, like Blackburn, is utterly rowdy. The Liberals have gained two seats at Grantham, and Cambridge each, and one each in Bristol, Canterbury, Carlisle, Durham, Exeter, Hereford, Sandwich, Bedford, Derby, Whitby, Sunderland, Wigan, Cheltenham, Macclesfield, and Dover. The gains at Bristol, Canterbury, Exeter, and Sandwich were unexpected. So far the Conservative lawyers have been severely dealt with, both the Attorney and Solicitor General are out, and a number of other Tory lawyers were beaten in different constituencies by large majorities. The Whig lawyers have been as fortunate as their competitors were the reverse. A very amusing and witty member Mr. Bernal Osborne was defeated at Nottingham; and we are happy to say that "Tear'em" has been turned out of Sheffield a work which ought to have been performed long ago, and no doubt would have been had not Mr. Hadfield so pertinaciously supported him. We are glad to see that Mr. W. H. Gladstone is member for Whitby, Sir Henry Bulwer has got in for Tamworth. Mr. John Abel Smith was defeated at Chichester through the determined opposition of the licensed victuallers.

On the whole we have reason to be satisfied; it is now absolutely certain that Mr. Gladstone will have an overwhelming majority.

THE PEDLAR.

THE Pedlar is a very happy illustration of country life. The cottage in its rustic beauty, and the female figures and facts, elegant but artless, are admirably represented. The curiosity of ladies living much in the country, to examine lace, handkerchiefs, silks, &c., brought from neighbouring towns or city or the great metropolis is artistically portrayed. The Pedlar too is evidently one of the country fraternity of that order. The effect of the picture is pleasing, presenting an idea of the tranquillity of cottage life where blossoms breathe, and green woods cast their shade.

STEEPLECHASE.

A STEEPLECHASE surpasses in excitement all other dangerous sports. A good fox-hunt is trying enough, and not without its perils; but a steeplechase is break-neck work. Gates are clared, stone walls overleaped, fences, sunk fences, ditches and barbicanes are obstacles to be surmounted. In the illustration the riders are apparently fortunate with two exceptions, one horse is shying, and the saddle of another is empty. English country gentlemen will always be fond of dangerous feats of horsemanship because they are the most fearless riders in the world, but the perils of the steeplechase are so formidable that it probably will pass away before public opinion. In Ireland stone walls are not very great obstacles if possible at all, for the horses mount the wall, and go over as a cat. The tendency of all animals to adapt themselves to the peculiar character of the country where they are bred is strikingly exemplified in this peculiarity of the Irish horse.

FRENCH COUNTRY SEAT OF JOHN STUART MILL.—It is not generally known that John Stuart Mill passes a considerable portion of the year in the old town of Avignon, in France. A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* has recently visited the place, and thus speaks of what he saw and heard. On his way to the house of Mr. Mill, he was attracted by the picturesque beauty of the cemetery, and he turned aside for a short stroll. Sheltered by a grove of evergreens was a square space, bordered by beds of flowers. In the centre of it, enclosed by a low iron railing, rose a large sarcophagus of pure white marble, resting on a base of the same beautiful material. At the head of the monument stood a single camellia with exquisite white flowers. Between the flower beds and the railing a small walk extended around. In one of the corners of the lot rose a simple stone bench, serving as a resting-place to the mourners. On the flat top of the sarcophagus were the following words:—"To the beloved memory of Harriet, the dearly loved and deeply regretted wife of John Stuart Mill. Her great and loving heart, her noble soul, her clear, powerful, original, and comprehensive intellect, made her the guide and support, the instructor in wisdom and the example in goodness, as she was the sole earthly delight of those who had the happiness to belong to her. As earnest for all public good as she was generous and devoted to all who surrounded her, her influence has been found in many of the greatest improvements of the age, and will be in those still to come. Were there even a few hearts and intellects like hers, this earth would already become the hope for heaven. She died, to the irreparable loss of those who survive her, at Avignon—3rd November, 1858." The moving words of this epitaph, so full of tender eloquence, tell not only what the noble woman whose ashes repose here has been to John Stuart Mill and to the cause of human progress and reform, but also the motive of the frequent and protracted sojourns at Avignon of the companion of his life. That he might be as near as possible to her grave, he purchased, years ago, a country house within a few hundred yards of the cemetery, where he devotes himself, not to fruitless lamentations over his great, irreparable loss, but to the elaboration of those wise and elevated principles for the growth of which his mind he is so much indebted to her genius. His devoted attachment to the beloved dead and faithful prosecution of the work in which she was his constant helpmate and inspiration, is certainly one of the noblest illustrations of his character.

We have received a letter from Messrs. Chambers, Paternoster Row, complaining that we published "The Honey Moon Hunt" from *Chambers' Journal* without acknowledgment. We beg to assure the Messrs. Chambers that we took it from an illustrated New York paper, where it was printed as if an original article. Had we known that it had first appeared in England, and in *Chambers' Journal*, we should either not have copied it, or we should have named the source from which we obtained it. What we did was done inadvertently, but we offer not the less sincerely our apology to Messrs. Chambers.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

THE following members have, up to this time, been returned to the new House of Commons. The new members are indicated by a dagger, while an asterisk signifies that the newly-elected members represented a different constituency in the last Parliament:—

ENGLAND AND WALES.

Constituency.	Members.
Abingdon	Colonel Lindsay
Andover	Gen. Dudley Fox
Aylesbury	Mr. Rothschild
Bath	Mr. S. G. Smith
Banbury	C. M. Hogg
Bedford	Mr. William Tite
Bedfordshire	Mr. B. Samuelson
Berwick	† Mr. James Howar
Beverley	Mr. Samuel White
Bowdley	Mr. F. C. H. Rus
Birkenhead	Colonel Gilpin
Birmingham	Viscount Bury
Blackburn	† Mr. John Stapleton
Bodenham	Sir H. Edwards
Bolton	† Capt. K. Knard
Boston	† Sir R. Glass
Bradford	Mr. John Laird
Bridport	Mr. George Dixon
Bridgwater	Mr. John Bright
Brighton	† Mr. P. H. Mauz
Bristol	Mr. W. H. Hornb
Buckingham	Mr. Joseph Field
Burnley	Hon. E. F. L. Goss
Bury (Lancashire)	Col. W. Grey
Bury St. Edmunds	† Mr. J. Hick
Calne	Mr. J. W. Malcolm
Cambridge	† Mr. Thomas Colling
Cambridge Universe	Mr. W. E. Forster
Canterbury	† Mr. H. W. Ripley
Cardiff	Mr. T. A. Mitchell
Cardigan	Mr. A. W. Kinglass
Carlisle	Mr. Philip Vander
Carmarthen district	Mr. James White
Carnarvon district	Professor Fawcett
Chatham	Hon. F. H. F. Berr
Cheltenham	† Mr. Samuel Morley
Chester	Sir Harry Verney
Chichester	† Mr. R. Shaw
Chippingham	Mr. R. N. Philips
Cirencester	Mr. J. Hardcastle
Clitheroe	Mr. E. Greene
Coventry	† Lord E. Fitzmauris
Darlington	† Colonel Torrens
Derby	† Mr. W. Fowler
Devizes	Right Hon. S. Wal
Dewsbury	Mr. Beresford Hope
Dorchester	Mr. Butler-Johnson
Dover	† Captain Binckman
Droitwich	Colonel Crichton S.
Dudley	* Sir Thomas Lloyd
Ducham	† Sir Wilfrid Lawson
Essex, South	Colonel Cowell St
Evesham	Mr. W. B. Hughe
Exeter	Mr. Edmund Poite
Eya	Mr. A. J. Oway
Finsbury	Mr. H. B. S. Samuel
Flint	Earl Grosvenor
Frome	† Mr. H. C. Raikes
Gatsham	Lord Henry Lenno
Gloucester	Mr. G. Goldney
Grantham	Hon. A. A. Bathu
Gravesend	Mr. Asheton
Greet Grimsby	M. H. W. Eston
Guildford	† Mr. Staveley Hill
Hackney	† Mr. E. Backhouse
Halifax	Mr. M. T. Bass
Hants, North	† Mr. S. Pimsool
Harwich	Sir Thomas Bates
Hastings	† Mr. Serjeant Simon
Helston	Colonel Sturt
Hereford	Major Dickson
Hertford	† Mr. Jessel, Q.C.
Huddersfield	Sir John Pakington
Hull	Mr. H. B. Sheridan
Huntingdon	Mr. J. Henderson
Hythe	† Mr. J. Davison
Kendal	† Mr. W. Baker
Kidderminster	† Mr. A. Johnstone
Knaresborough	Colonel Burne
Lambeth	Mr. J. D. Coleridge
Launceston	† Mr. Edward Bowring
Leeds	Lord Burlington
Leicester	Mr. McCullagh Tor
Leominster	Alderman Andrew
Lincoln	Sir John Hamner
Lymington	* Mr. Thomas Hughe
Macclesfield	Sir William Hurt
Macclesfield	Mr. W. P. Price
Macclesfield	Mr. C. J. Monk
Macclesfield	Hon. F. J. Telleman
Macclesfield	Captain Cholmeley
Macclesfield	† Sir C. Wingfield
Macclesfield	* Mr. G. Trollope
Macclesfield	Mr. Guildford Onsl
Macclesfield	† Mr. Charles Reed
Macclesfield	† Mr. John Holmes
Macclesfield	Mr. James Stanfied
Macclesfield	Colonel Akroyd
Macclesfield	Mr. W. B. Beach
Macclesfield	Mr. Slater-Booth
Macclesfield	Major Jervis
Macclesfield	† Mr. F. North
Macclesfield	Mr. Brassey
Macclesfield	† Mr. A. W. Young
Macclesfield	Mr. George Clive
Macclesfield	† Mr. Wylie
Macclesfield	Mr. R. Dimadale
Macclesfield	Mr. E. E. Leatham
Macclesfield	Mr. C. M. Norwood
Macclesfield	Mr. James Clay
Macclesfield	Mr. Thomas Baring
Macclesfield	Baron M. de Roths
Macclesfield	† Mr. Whitwell
Macclesfield	Mr. Thomas Lea
Macclesfield	† Mr. A. Willingwort
Macclesfield	Alderman J. C. Lay
Macclesfield	† Mr. W. M. Arthur
Macclesfield	Mr. Henry Lopes
Macclesfield	Mr. E. Baines
Macclesfield	† Alderman Carter
Macclesfield	† Mr. W. Thomas
Macclesfield	Mr. P. R. Taylor
Macclesfield	Mr. J. D. Harris
Macclesfield	Mr. Arkwright
Macclesfield	Mr. Charles Scely
Macclesfield	† Mr. J. Hindle Pali

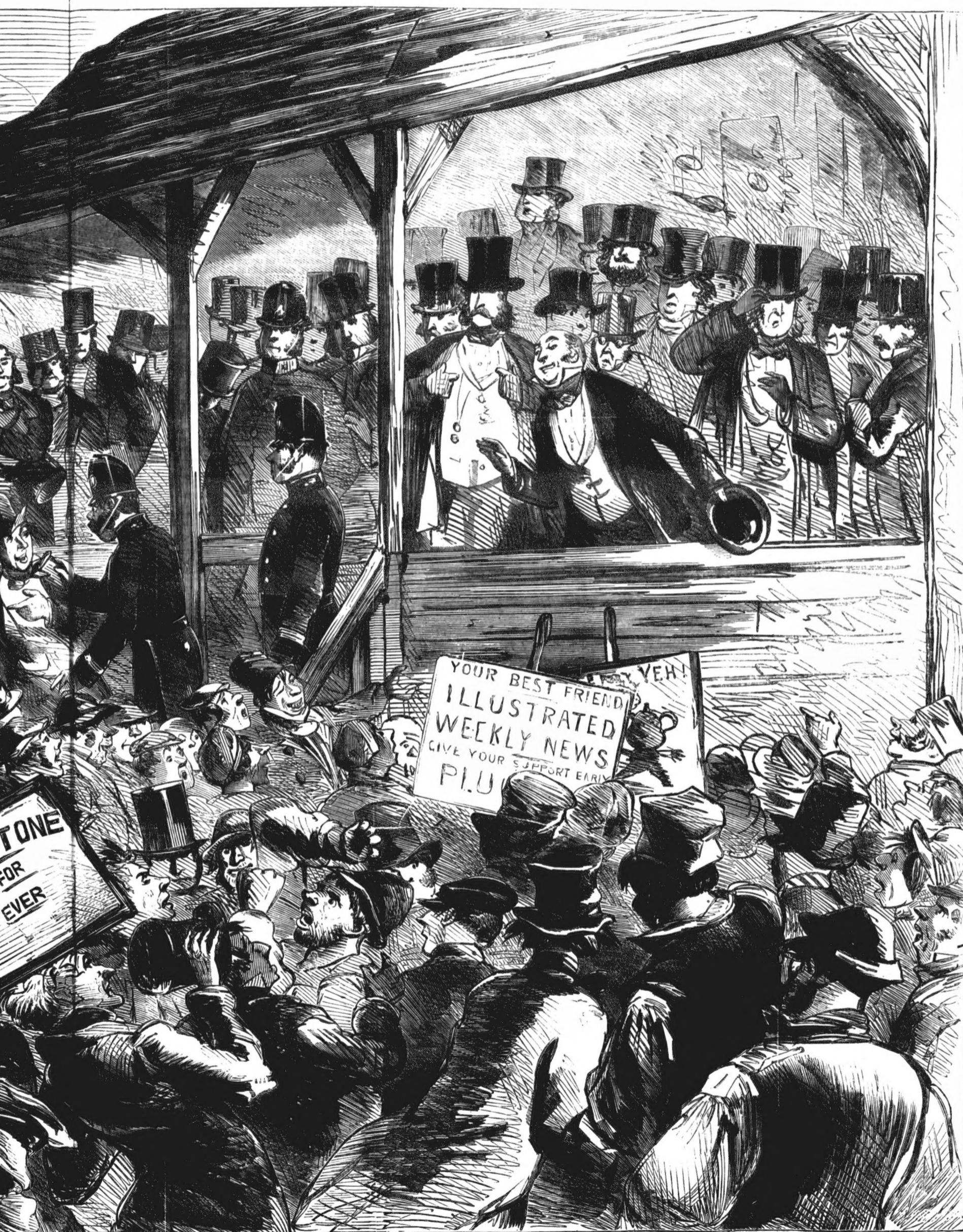
Arrival, 3 hrs. 39 min. 55 sec. Duration of race, 22 min
Time of race of 1867, 23 min. 39 sec.

PIRACY.—A schooner, sailing under the British flag, and belonging to a British subject, Lee Cheng Ho, a Chinese trader of Labuan, was attacked near Malludu Bay, by a number of pirates, 15 prahus, who captured the schooner, tore down the British flag, and killed three of her crew. When intelligence of this outrage reached Labuan, by means of five of the crew who had escaped, Governor Hennessy started in pursuit, in her Majesty's gunboat.

HARE HUNTING IN CHINA.—The manner of conducting the hunt is this: the hunter goes out with his game bag slung to his side and his falcon poised on his finger. Presently his sharp eyes detect a hare in the grass. Instantly he sets out at a brisk trot, cramping heavily round and round in an ever narrowing circle, until the timorous beast scuds off, "outrunning the wind to over-hoot his wrists." Then with wild "Ai! ai! young hio" the falcon is let loose upon him. The stroke is as certain as fate. Down comes the fierce bird upon "poor Wat's" back, beak in neck, and talons in fluff. Escape is hopeless. In a few moments, before even the hunter has time to come up, the hare lies quivering in its death throes. A piece of flesh is torn off to reward the falcon, the rest goes into the bag, and master and bird stroll off together to find another quarry. Oddly enough, though they take all this trouble to catch their hare, the Chinese rarely eat them. They boil him down to make soup, and fling the flesh away as worthless.—*Castell's Magazine* for November.



THE GENERAL ELECTION FOR THE COUNTY OF BAMBOOZLE



HOME AND DOMESTIC.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, Cambridge, has determined to establish Professorships of Law and Modern History, to commence with the new year.—*Loc Times*.

A DEPUTATION from the guardians of the Lancaster union, consisting of Mr. Dawson and Mr. Grant, had an interview with the Earl of Devon, at the office of the Poor-law Board, Whitehall.

THE dinner to Mr. Reverdy Johnson, the American minister, is fixed for the 2nd of December, at the Great Western Hotel. Mr. Bright has signified his intention of being present.

A REQUISITION having been represented to Mr. Chambers, the present Lord Provost of Edinburgh, to allow himself to be nominated for re-election as Lord Provost, his lordship has consented, and will doubtless be re-elected unanimously.

It is said that the Bishop of Lincoln will succeed to the See of London; and that her Majesty will nominate to the consequently vacant see of Lincoln the Venerable Archdeacon Wordsworth.

ANGLING is becoming a successful fashion among ladies in England. At Gordon Castle, on the River Spey, reports state that the Countess of Sandwich caught two salmon, one of seven pounds' weight and one of five pounds. Lady Caroline Lennox caught one of seventeen pounds, and Lady Florence Lennox one of twenty-three pounds' weight.

THE Convocation of the prelates and clergy of the province of Canterbury was dissolved in the Bountiful Office, Westminster, pursuant to the royal writ, by the Vicar General, Sir Travers Twiss, under a commission from the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, guardians of the spiritualities during the vacancy of the archiepiscopal see.

THE LATE RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT NEWNHAM.—Another of the victims in the late frightful railway collision, near Newnham, died in the Gloucester Infirmary. His name is John George, his age is 40, and he was a farmer and dealer, of Llanthwaite, Carmarthenshire. He had progressed favourably till Wednesday night, when he began to get weaker. His injuries were scalp wounds, and his spine was also hurt. A second inquest in the case will have to be held at Gloucester.

A BOY SHOT BY HIS FATHER.—A boy, ten years of age, was accidentally shot dead by his father at Dunfermline on Thursday. William Dick, the father of the boy, is a gamekeeper, and on Thursday afternoon he was out along with his son on Craigslascar Hill, ferreting and shooting rabbits. The boy was lying near a rabbit burrow, and the father, who was only four or five yards distant, noticing a wounded rabbit rising and running off, fired without observing his boy, and unfortunately the shot entered the lad's head. Death was almost instantaneous.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT IN A MINE.—On Monday afternoon, a sad accident occurred at the Stonecroft Lead Mines, situate some three or four miles from the village of Haydon-bridge, and which are worked by a company. Two miners, Joseph Bailes, aged 68, and William Bailes, 30, father and son, were engaged as usual at their work in one of the workings of the mine, when a fall of lead ore took place, burying the unfortunate men, and killing the father instantaneously. When extricated, the son, though suffering from injuries, did not appear to be seriously injured.

THE block of houses extending along the Poultry, from the western side of the Mansion House, including Charlotte-row, Bucklersbury, and Sze-line, has been disposed of by auction, for the construction of the important thoroughfare from the Mansion House to the Houses of Parliament. This locality abounds in interesting recollections. In Bucklersbury Sir Thomas More lived, and here his daughter (Margaret Roper) was born. At No. 22, in the Poultry (Dilly's the bookseller) "Boswell's Life of Johnson" was first published. No. 31 was the shop of Vernon and Hood, booksellers; Hood, of this firm, was the father of the facetious Tom Hood, and here Tom Hood was born in 1798.

ROBBERY BY A POLICEMAN.—On Saturday, at the Uxbridge Sessions, a singular case was investigated. On Whit-Tuesday last, Nathaniel Puzen, a fireman, while waiting at the West Drayton railway station for a train, fell asleep on the platform and was awakened by a policeman named George Pidgeon, when he found that his silver watch had been stolen, and the chain left hanging from his waistcoat pocket. He gave notice of the robbery at the police-station, and George Pidgeon was watched by a sergeant of the division, and on Tuesday last was observed wearing a silver watch answering to the description of that which had been lost. A pretence was made for borrowing the watch, and upon its being examined the number and makers name corresponded. Pidgeon was therefore charged with the robbery. He was committed for trial.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE IN THE FOUNDLING CHAPEL.—On Monday morning the melancholy intelligence was received at the Bridewell Hospital that Mr. Johnson, the president of the institution, had died under circumstances of a distressing character. It appears that the unfortunate gentleman was between sixty and seventy years of age, and was considered to be of good health—in fact, last week he had been out shooting, and returned home on Saturday. On Sunday morning he attended Divine service at the Foundling Hospital, and after the conclusion of the service, as was usual, the collection was about to be made for the benefit of the charity, when suddenly Mr. Johnson was seen to stagger and fall upon the floor. A medical gentleman was quickly in attendance, but upon examining Mr. Johnson he pronounced life quite extinct. The cause of death is supposed to be disease of the heart.

CRUSHED TO DEATH IN THE STREET.—On Monday afternoon, a few minutes after the nomination of the candidates at the hustings on Stepney-green, Mr. Beales retired to a private house near the polling-place, and presented himself to his followers at the first-floor window. A tremendous rush took place, and many persons were thrown down. Among them was a Mr. Tettman, a gas-fitter, who was passing along the footpath with a basket of tools in his hands. He endeavoured in vain to get out of the way, and he was thrown under one of Barclay and Perkins's drays which was proceeding towards Mile-end, and the wheels passed over his body, and crushed him in a frightful manner. He was conveyed to the London Hospital, and lingered in great agony until he expired. Inspector Gee, of the K division, who witnessed the occurrence, stated, that no bludge whatever can be attached to the drayman in charge of the vehicle and horses, and that several other persons narrowly escaped.

FIRE AND NARROW ESCAPE.—At an early hour, at Sutton House, Belgrave, Shrewsbury, the residence of Mrs. Phillips, daughter-in-law of the late General Phillips, was the scene of a terrible fire. The fire originated about three o'clock, in the bedroom of Mrs. Phillips, who, in getting into bed, accidentally set fire to the curtains. Mrs. Phillips, either not being aware of the full danger of her position, or being paralysed with fear, did not immediately give the alarm, and when she did call out, the servant, on coming to her aid, were unable to enter the room, which was full of smoke and flame. Mrs. Phillips, however, got out and ran down stairs, but remembering her jewelery she ran back again, and made an attempt to re-enter the room, but found it impossible. By this time help was at hand from the outside, and with some little difficulty Mrs. Phillips, her daughter, and two servants, the whole inmates of the house, were got out in safety, though so hurried was their escape that they had not time to put on their clothes. Before the engine arrived, the flames, which spread from room to room with fearful rapidity, had obtained an uncontrollable mastery, and by six o'clock the house was completely gutted. By the ready help of the neighbours, and of a

body of workmen from the adjoining railway sheds, a considerable portion of the furniture was saved; but the damage done was very great, and it is understood that Mrs. Phillips was not insured.

MUNIFICENT GIFT.—At a recent meeting of the town council of Salford, the ex-Mayor read a communication from Mr. Alderman Agnew, dated October 27, 1868, containing the following passage:—"In taking leave of my friends I must avail myself of this opportunity of expressing my cordial thanks to them. For many years past I have occupied myself in the collection of pictures, and especially of portraits of eminent Lancashire men, with a view to bequeath them to an institution in which from its establishment I have felt the highest interest. I refer to the Royal Museum and Library in Peel-park. I ask you, my dear Mr. Mayor, to make known my desire to present this collection to the Corporation at the present time for the use of the Museum. I enclose a list of the pictures herewith. If upon the occasion of my retirement from public duty the gift of this collection gives increased interest to or promotes the usefulness of the Museum, I shall see no cause of regret in the necessity there exists of my severance from my respected friends in the corporation—I am, my dear Mr. Mayor, very faithfully yours, Thomas Agnew. To H. D. Richin, Esq., Mayor of Salford." List of Pictures:—1. The Visit of the Queen and Prince Consort to Peel-Park, by George Hayes; 2. The large picture of the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, by R. Ansdell, A.R.A.; 3. The Wesleyan Centenary Meeting in Manchester, by C. A. Duval; 4. The Duke of Bridgewater, copied from the picture in the collection of the Earl of Ellesmere; 5. Humphrey Chetham, copy of the picture in the College; 6. Dr. Dalton, by Lonsdale; 7. Dr. William Henry, by ditto; 8. Brindley, the engineer; 9. James Watt, inventor of the steam engine; 10. John Kay, of Bury, inventor of the shuttle; 11. Richard Roberts, inventor of the self-acting mule; 12. Jedediah Strutt, inventor of the stocking frame; 13. Josiah Wedgwood, the great potter; 14. R. Rose, poet and historian; 15. Gainsborough, artist; 16. James Thomson, F.R.S., eminent calico printer, by Lonsdale; 17. The Right Hon. Poulett Thompson, the first member of parliament for Manchester after the Reform Act; 18. Thomas Ashton, of Hyde, eminent cotton spinner; 19. Francis, first Earl of Ellesmere, by W. Bradley; 20. Robert Brandt, Esq., first judge of the county court, Manchester; 21. An Allegorical Subject, by Guercino; 22. Laurence Sterne, by Gainsborough. A resolution was passed expressing regret at the retirement from the council of Mr. Alderman Agnew, tendering him the best thanks of the council for his valuable gift, and expressing a hope that he may be long spared to witness the growth and extension of those educational and benevolent institutions and objects of which he has during a long life been a warm supporter.

well delivers himself of the impassioned eloquence which the author has put into the mouth of the principal character of the piece; but those who have seen Mr. Kean in "The Wife's Secret" will admit that, notwithstanding the natural defects of appearance and voice which that otherwise singularly gifted gentleman undoubtedly possessed, there is a something wanting in the Lord Amyott at present to be seen at the Surrey Theatre which was noticeable in the Lord Amyott of Mr. Kean; but Mr. Creswick's realisation of the part is nevertheless a very fine piece of acting. Miss Pauncefort does Lady Amyott in that easy, respectable manner which characterises all that lady's impersonations. The other characters in the play are well sustained. Indeed, both as regards acting and scenery, the play could hardly be better produced, and it is therefore probable it will hold a place on the bills for some weeks. The sensational "Land Rats and Water Rats" is now to be seen nightly at half-price. It seems to be as attractive as ever.

DRAMATIC MEMS.

THE Globe Theatre is to open on the 21st of December.

Mdlle. THERESA is singing with great success at the Gaité in Leonard.

TAMERLICK has been singing with great success in the "Africaine" at Madrid. Mdlle. Gueymard has appeared there in the "Trovatore," and was well received.

THE receipts at the theatres, concert-rooms, and places of public amusement in Paris, amounted in October to £71,041, being an increase of £50,828 on the previous month.

M. LAFON, the actor at the Gymnase, has just met with a painful loss. His only son, captain in the 5th Dragoons, at Maubeuge, has been killed by a pistol bursting in his hand.

A BURLESQUE, to be entitled "The Frightful Hair," borrowed, of course, from Lord Lytton's play, will shortly be brought out at the Haymarket Theatre.

In the middle of the performance of "The Yellow Passport" on the first night, a ludicrous occurrence amongst the audience elicited such roars of laughter, that the play was stopped for several minutes, the actors joining in the general hilarity.

THE Royal Alfred Theatre is having a handsome stone piazza built, which will shelter those who visit this establishment in winter. Mr. MacCabe opens for a few nights, on the 14th inst.

MISS CARLOTTA LECLERCQ, we regret to say, met with a serious accident while performing in "Monte Christo" at the Adelphi. A block of timber, we believe, fell on her foot, and fearfully crushed her ankle. She is, we hear, better, and no serious after effects are anticipated.

A YOUNG and beautiful actress, highly admired at St. Louis (Martinique), Mdlle. Rosina Zarbini, has committed suicide by taking prussic acid. She left a note declaring that in consequence of the death of her husband, a fortnight before, life no longer had any charm for her.

It is somewhat odd that Italy is not strong enough in singers to furnish a quartet good enough for the Royal Italian Opera in London. Singers are gathered from all quarters of Europe and America. Of those at present singing at Covent Garden, Mdlle. Titien is the great German star; Trebelli is a flower from the South of France; Mongini is from Italy; and Santley is from the West of England.

A NEW piece has just been brought out at the Standard entitled "Danger." It is written by Mr. Rayner, and has evidently been put together for the purpose of introducing the "Danger" of being run over by a steam engine. The play was successful, and we more particularly call the attention of those who love to study stage effect, to the most well-arranged and most realistic shower of rain ever produced on an English stage. Miss Sedgwick has been announced as about to appear for a few nights at this theatre.

A PLAY founded on the French novel called "Les Misérables," has been produced at the Olympic Theatre. The gentleman who has afforded us this dramatic version is Henry Neville, who will long be favourably remembered in "The Ticket of Leave." From the "Misérables" he has selected two, and their adventures form the groundwork of the piece, which has little beyond this in common with Victor Hugo's work. The present drama is entitled "The Yellow Passport," and is divided, as is now usual, into a prologue and four acts. We presume that this "Yellow Passport" is the certificate given to *galeriens* who have served their time, but we have had no official explanation afforded to us.

A NEW burlesque, written by Mr. R. Reece, entitled "The Stranger—Stranger than Ever," is popular at the Queen's Theatre. We need scarcely inform our readers that this extravaganza is a comic version of Kotzebue's most lachrymose drama, which is fairly travestied and amusingly caricatured. Mr. Lionel Brough was the true representative of deep affliction—his long, pale visage, his hollow tones, his very tears, had the desired effect of raising the most uproarious mirth. His dancing—sometimes original beyond copy, sometimes copied beyond the original—are decidedly the best we have yet seen in any burlesque. His acting throughout was all that could be desired, affording a good model to those who aspire to shine in burlesque. Miss Hodson was decidedly the most amusing Mrs. Haller we have ever seen, relieving her grief occasionally by taking comfort in a merry dance, or pouring forth her sorrows in a comic song. Never was anything more amusing. Shades of departed greatness, hear this, and lament the bad taste which now (as plainly evinced at the Queen's on Saturday night) enjoys a hearty laugh more thoroughly than our Avalanche predecessors enjoyed tears, called forth by imaginary sorrows and doubtful morality. Mr. Stephens as Tobias, a sentimental beggar, Miss Montague as the Count, Miss Everard as the Countess Winterstein, were all good; while Miss Kate Santley, evidently a *du buton* as far as our metropolitan theatres go, was well received throughout. The piece is decidedly successful, and will probably run till Christmas.

THE PREMIER HIT OFF.—Mr. Disraeli in his speech at the Mansion House showed his usual spirit and pluck. He referred to the speech he might make on the same occasion next year, as Prime Minister, amidst cheers and laughter, and he hoped the new Lord Mayor, the Liberal candidate for Lambeth, might be able to devote his undivided attention to the duties of his office. He referred, again, to the satisfactory position of foreign affairs under his government. Though Mr. Disraeli must succumb just now, it is not impossible that with his adroitness he may manage to come back to power, sooner than expected. He is not easily discouraged, he has few principles to trouble him, and he has marvellous dexterity in seizing his opportunity. The battles on the Irish Church will not be over as long as the method of distributing the revenues obtained is undecided, and till then Mr. Disraeli may seize his opportunity. The Liberal party would lose its cohesion, if it was attempted to appropriate them in any manner, direct or indirect, to Romish ecclesiastical purposes.—*The Weekly Review*

NO MORE PILLS OR ANY OTHER MEDICINE.—Health by Du Barry's delicious Revalent Arabica Food, which cures dyspepsia, indigestion, cough, asthma, consumption, debility, constipation, diarrhoea, palpitation, nervous, bilious, liver, and stomach complaints. Cure No. 68,413.—"Rome, July 21, 1866. The health of the Holy Father is excellent, especially since, abandoning all other remedies, he has confined himself entirely to Du Barry's Food, and his holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly."—*Gazette, Du Barry and Co., No. 77, Regent-street, London, W. and 121, New North Road, N.* In time, at 1s. 1d.; 1lb., 2s. 9d.; 12lbs., 2s.; 21bs., 40s.—[ADVT].

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

COVENT GARDEN Theatre was crowded on Saturday night by the announcement of "Il Flauto Magico"—one of those glorious works which never fail to fill an opera-house to its utmost dimensions, but which, nevertheless, it is the fashion to consider undramatic and unpopular. We can only say there was not only a fuller theatre, but incalculably more excitement during the performance of Mozart's splendid allegorical opera on Saturday night than we ever witnessed during any sensation play for some years past. Popular emotion is not an infallible test of excellence, but it is due to real masterpieces that no opportunity should be lost of recording that the suffrages of the public are distinctly in their favour, though the flippancies of public writers occasionally put them at a disadvantage.

The cast of the opera was an exceedingly fine one. The heroine, for whom the powers of Light and Darkness mystically and melodiously contend, was impersonated by Mdlle. Titien, who is never more thoroughly mistress of her powers than when she has to illustrate the greatest works of the great German composers. Pamina's mother, the Enchantress Astraflamante, was represented with imp sing brilliancy by Mdlle. Ilma de Musica. The noble music of the priest Sarastro was sung with a power and dignity transcending, we almost think, his utmost previous achievement, by Signor Foli. The lively birdcatcher, who not only cares nothing for wisdom, but frankly says so, was represented by Mr. Santley with infinite geniality and exactly the right sort of humour. The lover prince Tamino was played by Signor Bettini. The slave was rendered with amusing grotesqueness by Mr. Lyall; and the universal favourite, Mdlle. Sincie, played the little part of Papagena with much grace. Except in one instance the chorus of priests behind the scenes during the probationary experience of the lovers, in which neither time nor tune were preserved—the *ensembles* were all excellent. It is not necessary to dwell particularly on the successes of the night, which in fact included all the celebrated *mezzos* of the opera.

With Mdlle. Titien as the principal dramatic *prima donna* of a lyric establishment, the production of Beethoven's "Fidelio" becomes a necessity every season. Leonora, in "Fidelio" is undoubtedly one of Mdlle. Titien's grandest, most powerful, and effective achievements, and in no other character are her immense vocal and histrionic powers brought out into stronger relief or more forcibly exhibited. The revival of Beethoven's opera on Tuesday night calls for no special remark. The cast was almost identical with that of the regular season, and the reception of the great artist of the evening complimentary in the highest degree. Mdlle. Titien was in superb voice, and full of all her old energy and magnificence. She was exceedingly well supported by Mdlle. Sincie, as Marcellina; by Mr. Santley, as Pizarro; Herr Formes, as Rocco; and Mr. Lyall, as Jacquino; Signor Agretti being substituted for Signor Bettini, as Florestano. The performance altogether was splendid throughout, and Beethoven never made a more powerful impression within the walls of an operatic theatre. Of the band and chorus, under the direction of Signor Ardit, it is unnecessary to speak apart.

SURREY THEATRE.

"The Wife's Secret," which the late Mr. Charles Kean and Mrs. Kean made so much their own, and through whose instrumentality it became so generally known, was produced at the Surrey Theatre on Saturday night for the first time. The management seem to have devoted much care and no small amount of expense in placing the piece on the stage in a manner not even second to the admirable style in which it used to be brought out under the experienced and refined superintendence of the lamented gentleman with whose name "The Wife's Secret" has been so inseparably coupled. The result is highly creditable to the good taste and enterprise of Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick, whose successful efforts to improve the tone and the character of transpontine theatricals have gained for themselves a much public esteem. That the taste of the pay-going public residing on the Surrey side of the metropolis has been improved was well demonstrated on Saturday evening by the fact that the announcement of the production of Mr. George Lovell's perhaps rather too high-class play had the effect of attracting a very large audience, and that the interest it seemed to create tends to the belief that the highly-piced sayings and doings of the oratorical Sir Walter Amyott and his model wife will prove a successful source of entertainment in South London for a good length of time. The new Sir Walter Amyott is Mr. Creswick, and the new Lady Amyott is Miss Georgina Pauncefort. Mr. Creswick looks the part better than the late Mr. Kean, and

SPANISH REVOLUTION.

CADIZ.

SEVERAL of the old cities of Spain have come into prominence again and are likely to have new features of interest added to their already notable history from being the scenes of leading incidents in the insurrection now successfully accomplished against the last of the Bourbon monarchs. Foremost among the places is Cadiz, where the movement began by the revolt of the fleet. Cadiz, a fortified city and capital of the province of the same name, formed the south-west portion of Andalusia, is situated on the Atlantic Ocean at the extremity of a peninsula of the Isle of Leon, the narrow isthmus of which forms an immense bay. Cadiz is a fortress of the first order, is surrounded by walls and defended by batteries, and, being on an elevated site and built of white stone, it has a beautiful appearance from the sea. The public edifices include two cathedrals (one completed since 1832), two theatres, house of refuge, arsenal, naval college, barracks, and the light-house of St. Sebastian, 172 feet in height. The harbour, formed by a mole projecting into the bay, is accessible only to small vessels, and ships of large burthen anchor three-quarters of a mile from the shore. Its trade has greatly declined since the emancipation of the Spanish colonies. Its dependency, St. Mary, is the centre of the trade in sherry wine. Cadiz was made a free port in 1829; but it ceased to enjoy that advantage in 1832. It was taken by the English in 1696, and bombarded by them in 1800. In 1823 it surrendered to the French.

Of the events of which Cadiz and Seville have recently been the theatre we have direct and trustworthy intelligence and interesting details which show more correctly than accounts hitherto published in England the initiation of the Revolution. Prim arrived at Gibraltar on the morning of the 17th of September, before the Generals from the Canary Islands; and soon afterwards came a steamer, sent by Admiral Topete, requesting that the first General who might arrive there, whether Prim or Serrano and his companions, would go at once to Cadiz. Prim, however, waited some hours for the others before proceeding to join the fleet. He arrived in the Bay of Cadiz at eleven p.m., and went on board the iron-clad Saragossa, where the commanders of the vessel composing the squadron presently assembled, and a council of war was held. At dawn of the 18th, when Cadiz opened its eyes to the morning sun, it beheld the ships drawn up in line before the city, with the men at quarters, and every preparation made for action. It was evident that the fleet had "pronounced." A communication was made to the authorities of the city to the effect that the nation was resolved to reassert its liberties against those who had outraged it, and inviting Cadiz and its garrison to join the movement. Presently, from the arsenal and fortress of La Caraca and San Fernando, came marching down two battalions of marine infantry, with drums beating and bands playing the old familiar air of Riego's Hymn, so long prohibited in Spain. They had "pronounced," and it was soon evident that city and garrison were alike prepared to do the same, with the exception of the artillery, which held out. There was some parleying with the colonel in command of that corps; it was pointed out to him that he was in presence of overwhelming forces, and that the insurgents earnestly desired to avoid bloodshed; in short the arguments were sufficiently cogent and the position of the artillery abundantly hopeless to induce the commander to capitulate, and he and his men remained prisoners of war. There was talk of sending a steamer to Ceuta to fetch a battalion there which was all in readiness to join the insurgents, but—and this is a great proof of the confidence felt by the chiefs of the rising—the admiral declared they had plenty of troops and might leave the battalion where it was for the present.

Prim's entrance into Cadiz was a scene of almost delirious enthusiasm. The whole city was out, mad with delight, men and women crowding round the successful General, embracing and thanking him. The Gaditanos are a demonstrative people, and on this occasion they seem almost to have gone off their senses with joy. One of the first things to be done, now that all was secure in Cadiz, was to send a messenger to Seville, and a well-known Progressista journalist was despatched thither. As soon as the chiefs of the Liberal party heard of the success of the movement at Cadiz they rose, and the garrison rose, and the whole city besides; and the Captain-General of the province, old General-Vassallo, who declined joining, received a pass and departed northward. A revolutionary committee or junta was at once formed, having for its president Signor Aristegui, well known and much esteemed as a true, liberal, and disinterested man, who has never held office, but has always maintained a high reputation as an honourable patriot. Meanwhile the Generals had arrived from the Canary Islands; Serrano took command of the insurgent forces, which are esteemed at 10,000 to 20,000 men of regular troops, comprising the whole garrison of Cadiz except the artillery, the troops from San Fernando and La Caraca, and probably also some what were in Jerez, Chiclana, the Puerto, all of which places and many other Andalusian towns at once rose, while the whole garrison of Seville and the advanced-guard of Pavia's (Novaliches) army passed over to the insurgents. Such were the real facts of the first steps of the revolution.

WILL SPAIN BE FREE?

One day last April I was lying on the hill at Granada, called the "Silla de los Moros;" and the scene upon which I then looked made upon me one of those rare impressions which seem to remain with one for ever.

It was not so much the marvellous beauty of the prospect which struck me, as the sense that I had before me an abstract in little of a noble and mis-used country. Just below, on the shoulder of the steep hill, hid the red masses of the Alhambra, half in ruins, but still the most splendid monument of art in the country, a monument left by those so-called barbarous Moors whom their conquerors have never equalled in any single respect, and whose expulsion from Spain I, for one, regard as an enormous misfortune. Stuck down in the middle of the Alhambra, and looking like the bleached skeleton of some gigantic malefactor, lay the detestable square palace, for which that thrice accursed Vandal Charles VI. demolished the better half of the Moorish pile. I turned with disgust from it to the country beneath, which lay in the warm sun like a dream—the town of Granada itself some hundred feet below, crooked, irregular, and straggling off into the green plain; the plain stretching away to the Sierra Nevada, where the winter's snow was still glistening on the topmost peaks; on the right the red broken flanks of Monte Claro rising in the olive-clad slopes, to vie with the Alhambra hill itself; deep between, the Darro ploughing up gold to this day as it did for the Arabs. A splendid scene indeed. Nature has done more for Spain than for any other country in Western Europe—not even excepting Italy. The honest and able Moors, too, did a good deal for her while they were there; even the Middle Ages contributed something to her credit, but the modern Spaniards have up to this time proved false to their trust, unjust stewards of the great estate Providence has given to them.

With these thoughts in my head, I turned to Ximenez, the real hidalgo, who, for a small remuneration, had condescended to explain to me most of the things I knew already about Granada. He was standing with his cloak thrown over his left shoulder, his right arm lying in the *sings* on his breast. He was only too glad to tell me how it was that Spain was in such a bad way, and rolling a cigarette, he wreathed out with its smoke a perfect catalogue of grievances.

"Our Government, señor, are wicked, selfish men. They are all alike. Not one of them cares for the people—only that (here he rubbed his thumb and finger together expressively); they make us pay contributions till we cannot live, and they eat the money them-

selves. Look at me. I have a house down there in Granada, which I let for 8 reales a day—2,920 reals a year—and I have to pay for that 680 reales to the Government, 120 reales to the Ayuntamiento, and 20 reales to the Sereno, altogether 820 reales out of the 2,920, and that whether the house is let or not."

"Everybody pays the same, I suppose?"

"No, the rich bribe the collector, and he lets them pay less. I, who am poor, cannot bribe heavily enough, so I have to pay all. How can I live, señor?"

"Why don't you rebel?"

"We can't trust each other. We did rise here, and made a 'revolucion' last year; but we were betrayed, and they shot us down like dogs in that square down there."

"You will rise again, perhaps?"

"Yes, señor; but we have no leaders, no statesmen here. They all want to rob us—nothing more. Never mind, we shall make another 'revolucion' in three months you will see, and then perhaps, we shall find an honest man."

With that he lit another cigarette, and relapsed into his cloak. As he spoke, I saw the glitter of the bayonets of a company of soldiers marching through the very square in question, and that completed the picture for me. Below lay the country rich and fair, with the iron military hand upon it; on the hill rose the decaying traditions of two eras of grandeur; by my side stood the people, ground down and oppressed, but without virtue enough to enable it to strike a blow for liberty for itself, and having no confidence in any man who might strike for it.

Perhaps it may be said that the Spaniards have now turned over a new leaf. I sincerely hope so; but I see some signs of this revolution being made, like all its predecessors, into a mere scramble for public honours and money, for the profit of the soldiers who have taken part in it. I do not at all like that step in rank which has been given throughout the army, not the "rewards" which are now being distributed to the navy. It looks as if the people even now had not awoken to a sense of its power, or to a determination to exercise it; as if it were still doomed to be manipulated and ruled by the military forces which should be its servants. If this is so, Spain will be no better off after the revolution than she was before; but the people have their fate in their own hands. The army and navy may be appropriately thanked, and even rewarded for their share in the revolution, but that done they should be put in their proper places, and the Government arranged, not for generals or soldiers, not even through their ministry, but distinctly for and through the people.

Perhaps it will be thought that this points to the advisability of establishing a republic. It might for any other country, but not for Spain. The best thing that could happen at present for the Spaniards, would be to find and to crown a prince imbued with constitutional ideas, and powerful enough to deal with all intrigues, whether military or not, which might impede constitutional Government. But where is he to be found? It is impossible to say, and the longer the question lasts, the more difficult will it be to answer, and the stronger will the demand grow for a republic, pure and simple. If I were to prophesy, I should think it not a bad thing to say that it will end after all in a republic being established, with Prim for the first president. But I should also prophesy, that it would, before long, result in another revolution.—

VANITY FAIR.

According to the *Débats* the future King of Spain is to be a Prussian, viz.:—

"If what is said at Berlin may be believed, the candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern for the throne of Spain is of a more serious character than has been hitherto supposed at Paris. This Prince, son of Prince Charles-Antony of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, is 33 years of age. He married, in 1861, the Princess Antonia of Braganza-Bourbon, Duchess of Saxony, sister of the present King of Portugal, and the daughter of Don Ferdinand, who, while refusing the throne for himself, would not, it is said, be in the least sorry to see one of his children placed on it. This candidature, to which Marshal Prim continues unfavourable, is, on the contrary, said to meet the views of Marshal Serrano; and Prussia, it is stated, begins to hope for success. To these circumstances then, must be attributed the gracious words for Spain which certain persons are surprised to find in the speech of King William at the opening of the Prussian Parliament."

Late on Friday evening the Queen of Spain arrived in Paris; the platform of the Northern Railway station, where sixteen *sergents de ville* and an officer of police paced silently, looked melancholy enough. As the train came into the station a number of children's heads, a dozen at least, appeared at its doors; the little ones, said a person of the suite, were the children of the ladies of honour. Within the station, Queen Christina, Isabella's mother, and Monsieur Mon, the Spanish Minister, were awaiting the travellers. The Queen received them in the saloon carriage, and then the whole party alighted; first, the little Prince of Asturias, then Isabella, carrying in her hand a leather bag, embroidered with the Bourbon *fleur-de-lis* in gold, wearing a grey silk dress and white paletot, and on her face an expression of absolute indifference, which was shared, seemingly, by the whole of this little exiled court of thirty-two persons. The King appeared next, and then the little Infantas, all in grey waterproof cloaks, which descended to their feet; and all passed into the new Imperial waiting-room, in which an enormous wood-fire burned brightly, and where the dress coat and grand cordon of the Emperor's aide-de-camp, who had arrived by that time, comprised all the grandeur of the reception. Eight carriages received the travellers, seventy trunks were piled into some attendant luggage vans, and they drove to the Pavillon Rohan of the Louvre, where the Queen remained until her house in the Champs Elysées were ready. Truly the entry of an exiled queen! No crowding and pushing, not a bayonet or shako, not a cheer, the *Figaro* adds, and this gives a fair résumé of the whole. Not a Spaniard residing in Paris has entered his name on the ex-Queen's visiting book.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

FRANCE.

The *Gaulois* publishes the following sinister paragraph in conspicuous type:—"Hero are in substance the resolutions arrived at the Cabinet Council [held at Compiegne]. The Government is said to have in its hands the proofs of widespread conspiracy, using every means imaginable to run down the Empire, and avail itself of the aid of all the existing elements of disorder and hostility: the press, public meetings, and manifestations; utilising for its purposes the *anciens partis*, old grudges, new-fangled liberalism—in a word, promoting avowedly the downfall of the existing state of things. It is not only a public subscription which is in question: that forms only the pretext and the *mot d'ordre*; but a real plot, the chief leaders of which are known, whilst their accomplices have been revealed, and their *machinations* brought to light. The law of public safety (*i.e.*, the *loi des inspectes*) will be long applied in all its severity. The Government is determined to show the greatest energy. It will not recoil before the threats of its adversaries; it will prove to the hostile parties that it is really strong, and to its friends that it is watching over the public peace. The press is to be included in these severe measures only in the event of its lending itself to the exciting of the dangerous passions which it is sought to repress. It (the press) will continue free to discuss, with that calm measure of liberty which befits great interests and grave questions, theories and measures, without exciting unnecessary tempests." Upon this a correspondent remarks, that the *Gaulois* had not on previous occasions shown itself peculiarly

well informed, and if it were not the misfortune of the present system that what is grossly improbable often turns out true, I should have no hesitation in setting down the above "revelation" of what was decided at Compiegne as a silly and imprudent *canard*. But after the intense folly of the Government in the Baudin subscription, and looking at the awkward fix in which it has placed itself, I cannot say that the idea of imagining a plot and connecting the Baudin subscription with it may not have recommended itself to the imagination of some of the obstructives whose influence just now appears to be in the ascendant. But they have ill-chosen their time. People will be as unlikely to believe in this trumped-up story of a conspiracy, as they have been unwilling to take *au sérieux* the revolutionary manifestoes just given to the world by the *Fays*.

At six o'clock on Thursday evening the Emperor, Empress, Prince, and suites drove into the splendid old courtyard of Compiegne palace, whose painted and mulioned windows were all streaming with bright, warm lights, likening it to some *ville* *seigneurie* within which the traditional fires, large enough to roast oxen whole, were roaring for the expected hosts. Indeed, the place has a very good right to such a souvenir; for, although it has been altered and restored at many different times, it was built in the far-off days of Charles le chaste. Sixty-seven guests, twenty-nine of whom are ladies, have been enjoying Imperial hospitality since Thursday, and the château is all animation. Kitchens and courtyards swarm with *gens de service*; the vast stables are filled with horses (three hundred of the Emperor's alone, a hundred post horses, a hundred saddle horses for his guests, and a hundred for himself the Empress and the Prince); and violins are tuning within the palace where Waldteufel, the successful rival of Strauss, is installed. All the guests take both *déjeuner* and dinner with their Imperial hosts. After breakfast when each one has read and dispatched his correspondence, there is either *grande chasse*, excursions to celebrated spots, or, when the programme has not been arranged beforehand, long drives or walks thorough the beautiful forest, in which the Empress delights to wander on foot. At five o'clock is the Empress's "kettledrum" tea, to which she specially invites each guest, in her admirable *petit salon* all furnished with Chinese objects, costly and quaint, as is her favourite room at Fontainebleau. The evenings, of course, are full enough; either it is the grand night of the Parisian theatricals (the *Gymnase* plays there this week, I think) or a ball with Waldteufel's orchestra, and, in the intervals of these galas, *reunions à l'intime*, where conversation, charades, *bout-rimes*, and other trials of wit form the amusement. These last are very animated and pleasant, for etiquette hides her stiff person as much as possible, and the Compiègne invitations being grouped so as to bring together those who know each other, the pleasant air of intimacy pervades the great imperial rooms. On Friday when the imperial family was yet alone, they drove through the forest to the old château of Pierrefonds. The scene as they left the park gates was a pretty one. The broad avenue, which turns a few steps farther on, forms a charming half-circular picture; on one side a well, Eastern in appearance, which Horace Vernet has painted and immortalised; two rustic *maisons de gardes* nestling under the big trees, from which the yellow leaves came eddying down; and around the carriage some little Savoyards, looking more picturesque than miserable in such scenery, their instruments on their backs, and calling out, "Un petit sou, *Eccezzina*;" it will bring you good luck." Laughing, the Emperor threw them a *louix*. Auguste Villemot, who has just published a clever sketch of the vast family of beggars, of which those little musicians form a branch, gave the other day an amusing personal anecdote. A boy of about twelve, one of the real *gamin de Paris* type asked him, on the old Boulevard du Temple, for the usual little *sous* "Look here, shall I buy you a loaf?" said Villemot, who dispenses charity on principle. "Oh, no, Monsieur, I have just had a very good dinner at my aunt's, who is a kind old woman; but I have four sous too little to go to the *Funambules* theatre." Even Villemot could not refuse the half-pence to the *gamin* who expressed his heart's desire with such frankness.

AUSTRIA.

I suppose we may now, with the beginning of November, say that our winter season has thoroughly set in; at least the various shops and warehouses (*Magasins des Modes*) on the Graben do their utmost to make us believe so. Whether we shall enjoy a very "merry Christmas" this year, though I am unable to say, as, according to all probability, the court will pass the season in question at Pest-Oeden. At present their Imperial Royal Majesties are still sojourning at Godollo, and intend so doing until the 20th or 21st instant, as before departing thence the Empress's name-day is to be celebrated "in the closest family circle," as the papers have it. Concerning her Majesty, I hear that for some time, as she used to take her usual ride in Godollo Park, a man was often observed to follow and to endeavour to approach her. He has at length been seized upon by the arm of the law, and found to be crazed. He says that he knew of the attempt on the Emperor's life (which was made some years ago) a long time beforehand, he having been apprised thereof in a dream. Lately he has been troubled with another such vision, and, as he could not be admitted to audience, he desired to approach her Majesty whilst she was riding. What he has not dreamed of, however, has already taken place for the present he is confined within the walls of a certain institution in Pesth, where he will have time enough to brood over the well-known proverb of a prophet's never being well received in his own country.

ITALY.

LORD NAPIER and his suite arrived here *en route* for Madras, and are expected to remain a few days.

MOUNT VESUVIUS, NAPLES, Nov. 12.

Professor Palmieri announces that a new cone on Mount Vesuvius has opened, an is in active operation ejecting lava. The instruments are greatly agitated.

ROUMANIA.

BUCHAREST, Nov. 12.

THE Turkish Government has withdrawn the embargo lately laid upon a vessel which was about to pass the Suez laden with powder for Roumania.

Prince Charles, who has been staying at the country seat of M. Bratianno, is expected to return to Bucharest to-day.

THE WAR IN THE PLATE.

RIO, Oct. 24.

THE latest news from the seat of war announces that the Allies had made two reconnaissances of the position held by Lopez. The same is considered almost unassailable.

Four iron-clads have passed Angostura.

Mr. Sarmiento has been inaugurated at Buenos Ayres as President of the Argentine Confederation. He made a speech on the occasion favouring the prosecution of the war.

The new American Envoy has arrived at Rio. The American squadron sails for Ascension on the 26th inst.

A CONCESSION.—Mr. Gladstone is not an atheist nor an enemy of religion. No one would think for an instant of accusing him of a desire to unchristianise the state, or to set up what a correspondent of the *Times* rightly calls a philosophical intolerance of all religion. We readily give him credit for an honest wish to correct the acknowledged evils of the Irish church, and to remove the anomaly of a great Protestant machinery amongst a Catholic population.—*Blackwood's Magazine* for November.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART.

"Stamford's Guide Maps to the Constituencies." Stamford, Charing-cross.

These consist of two maps: one to be used during the election, and one afterwards to mark results. They are both very complete for the purposes for which they are designed, and will be very useful to those who wish to mark the progress of the election, or retain a correct notation of the results.

"Hot Air Baths for the People." London, Barnes, Wellington-road, Camberwell.

We are unable to pronounce an opinion upon the subject here introduced for discussion. Nevertheless our impression is in favour of the Hot Air Baths as curative in certain diseases. The little work before us is in pamphlet form, and has the largest title page, possibly ever before seen in any kind of work whatever. The above title is a mere selection of one which appears the most important. It is headed "A great philanthropic." Then comes the title above. Then we are informed that it is a history of "The People's Turkish Bath at Cale"; after that is described in a prolonged form, comes the announcement, "An important question for rate payers." The announcement is then made, to which is added a paper on the new earth closets. All this and more is upon the title page. Whatever may be the benevolence and skill of the projectors of the pamphlet, they are not experienced in putting such matters before the public in a manner the most likely to gain the public eye. Nevertheless the appeal is worth perusal, especially as it reminds us that the remedial measures indicated are already adopted in France, Germany, and Ireland, and to some small extent in our own country. By all means let the subject be well ventilated.

THE Massachusetts Homoeopathic Medical Society declares against

consists of 367 5 parts of chlorate of potash, 168 3 of sulphuret of antimony, 18 parts of charcoal, and 46 parts of spermaceti. This gunpowder can be conveyed without any danger of an explosion, provided the chlorate be added only at the moment of using it, in the proportion of 46 parts of that substance to 29 of others.

Some soldiers, in digging a trench at Hildesheim, Hanover, have found about 50 vases, cups, and candlesticks, and other objects in massive silver and richly chased; they are evidently the work of Greek artists, and apparently date from the time of Augustus. Among them is a goblet with ornaments in relief representing Hercules strangling two serpents; and a second, with satyrs, bacchantes, and other similar figures.

A NEW series of scientific investigations has just been commenced by the Rev. Canon Greenwell, of Durham, on the South Wold range between Beverley and Bridlington. The last eight days' investigations have been interesting, and the result of much importance. The round tumulus opened was near Rudston, in Bridlington district, and proved one specially rich in burials and accompaniments of pottery and weapons, in bone and flint. The full work will probably occupy two years.

M. DE LABAUME has addressed a paper to the French Société d'Agriculture, on the advantages to be derived from feeding sheep with the husks of grapes after pressing. He states that by continuing this system for the space of three months on a flock of 55 sheep, each of them gained on an average eight kilogr. in weight. During the last two months of the experiment they had a pound a day each of the husks, and then, morning and evening, common dry fodder. The health of the flock was perfect, and at least one-third of the usual quantity of hay was saved in this way.

M. HAUSMANN's irrepressible energy, directed to the reconstruction of Paris, has recently assumed a new phase. Daylight being considered insufficient to enable certain works to be completed in the desired time, the aid of M. Serrin's beautiful and ingenious apparatus for the automatic regulation of the carbon electrodes of

completion of the tunnel in little more than two years. The total length of the tunnel will be 13,364 yards, and of this distance there had been driven to the end of September—from the Bardonneche end 5,700 yards, and from the Modane end 3,970 yards—9,670 yards, leaving 3,694 yards to drive. At the present time they are driving considerable faster on the French than on the Italian side, so that there is no reason to suppose that any further important obstacles will be met with.

THE South Kensington Museum is about to be enriched for a time, on loan, with the famous collection of arms and armour which was formed at Goodrich Court, Herefordshire, by the late Sir Samuel Meyrick, and is known by his name. An offer was some time since made for the sale of this collection, but at the time declined. There can be no doubt of the desirability of converting the loan in question into a permanent part of the South Kensington Museum, which is poorly provided with weapons and armour. The Meyrick Collection will be for the present arranged in the gallery which recently held the National Portrait Exhibitions.

The *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* makes the following announcements of forthcoming publications:—The "Prescott, Memorial," on which William Prescott, M.D., of Concord, N.H., has been engaged for more than 30 years in collecting biographical and historical information in regard to all branches of his family in America; a second, though independent, series of the late C. W. Brewster's "Rambles about Portsmouth," which has become a rare and valuable book during the ten years that have elapsed since its first publication; General Eben' W. Peirce's "Peirce Family of the Old Colony;" a "History of Pittfield, Mass., written by Mr. J. E. A. Smith for the town authorities; Mr. Calvin Durfee's "Biographical Annals of William's College." Mr. Jonathan Edwards, of New Haven, is collecting the statistics of the descendants of Wm. Edwards, the first of the American family.

MANY of the sculptures which have so long lain hidden under the portico of the British Museum are being introduced to the



THE PEDLAR.—SEE PAGE 73.

the use of butter, which they aver "contains no element of food required by the human family."

THE electric light is to be used for a new lighthouse at Brindisi, in the Adriatic. This is the first experiment of the kind made in Italy.

THE NOVEMBER METEORS.—Professor Phillips telegraphs from Oxford that the star shower was well seen there this morning from 3 45 to 5 45.

THE Countess of Fife has been presented, at Duff House, Banff, with a portrait of her ladyship, painted by Sir Francis Grant, and subscribed for by the Fife tenantry.

THE Prince Royal of Prussia has just presented to the municipality of Bologna a copy of the writings of Frederick the Great, printed by order of King William. The work consists of 15 handsomely bound folio volumes, enriched with magnificent engravings.

A PORTRAIT of Sir Moses Montefiore, Bart., painted at the expense of a great many subscribers among the inhabitants of Ramsgate, has been publicly unveiled in the Town-hall. The portrait is the work of Mr. Solomon Hart, and is an excellent likeness.

THE reconstruction of the grand cupola of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem has just been terminated in perfect conformity with the tenor of the protocol signed on the 5th of Sept., 1862, at Constantinople, by the Ambassadors of France and Russia, and by the Grand-Vizier, Aali-Pacha.

ALBERT S. BICKMORE, of Cambridge, has been elected to the Professorship of Natural History in Madison University, New York. Professor Bickmore has recently returned from a three-years' tour through the Indian Archipelago, large portions of China, Japan, and Eastern Russia, making collections in zoology, geology, &c. He was for four years an assistant of Professor Agassiz.

A NEW kind of gunpowder has been invented by a M. Hahn. It

electric lamps has been called into requisition. The intense nature of this light is such that it has been used with great success in obtaining photographs of the Catacombs under Paris, and also of the sewers, and it is now employed to enable masons and other workmen to labour through the night hours.

VELOCIPEDES building now forms an important branch of trade in Paris. There are not only manufacturers of these new locomotives, but there are foundries where the iron work of which they are composed is cast. One of these employs 250 workmen, and finishes of 12 velocipedes per day for a coachbuilder of Lyons, who sells them at the rate of 20 per day. An expert driver can do ten miles and a quarter in an hour, but the average rate of travelling is six miles and a half, and with the same fatigue which would be experienced by walking at an ordinary pace during that time. The ordinary price of a good one is £12. Prince Achille Murat is the chief adept in the art of rapid driving, and much given to the exercise.

ASTRONOMY is waking up in Holland, and the evidence appears in a well-printed quarto from the Observatory of Leyden, under the title "Annales der Sternwarte in Leiden." This, the first volume of a series, is brought out under the supervision of Dr. F. Kaiser, Professor of Astronomy in the University and Director of the Observatory. An introduction of 132 pages, written in German, embodies a history of astronomy in the Netherlands, a description of the observatory—which, judging from the vignette on the title-page, is a spacious and handsome building—and of the instruments; and is followed by tables of observations with the meridian circle. Is Leyden about to become as famous for astronomy as in past times for its classics?

THE MONT Cenis TUNNEL.—The progress making in the construction of this gigantic enterprise continues to be most satisfactory—nearly three-fourths of the tunnel having been completed, whilst the works are being carried on at a rate which will admit of the

galleries of antique marbles in that institution. To effect this some of the statues of the Townley and other collections are being shifted to new places. Among the more important of the works which are thus brought out is the colossal marble lion of Cnidus, which has been placed where stood the equestrian statue called Caligula, and purchased with the Farnese Marbles. The latter are now placed in the dark and narrow entrance corridor to the sculpture galleries. Many of the sculptures from the Parthenon have been washed, and certainly look the better for it. We are glad to see that the Panathenaic Frieze is about to be protected with glass. We do not know whether it has occurred to Mr. Newton to try the effect of placing the sheets of glass which are to be thus used sloping slightly from the wall at the top; if something of this sort be not done the sculptures will, by means of the reflection of the windows and opposite walls of the Elgin Room, be almost invisible to students.

METEORS.—When we are told that seven and a half millions of meteorites, large enough to be visible at night, fall into our atmosphere in every twenty-four hours, and that ninety-nine out of every hundred of these never pass away again beyond its confines, the question naturally suggests itself—"How far are we safe from the effects of so tremendous a bombardment?" Granted that the major part of these missiles weigh but a few pounds, yet even so, we seem, at first sight, to be but inefficiently protected. Four-pounder guns, for example, have ere this worked serious mischief in battles and sieges. Nor will astronomers even allow us the comfort of supposing that but few of the heavier missiles from outer space are buried against our planet. On the contrary, we are told—and there is no reason for disputing the announcement—that many hundreds of the larger sort of aerolites fall in a single day into our atmosphere. The heaviest missiles made use of on board our iron-clads or in our most powerfully armed forts are mere feathers compared to some few of the aerolites which are thus

hurled at us. There is now in the British Museum the fragment of one of these aerolites, and this fragment weighs nearly six tons.

THE TOBACCO CONTROVERSY.—A certain number of persons are so constituted that tobacco is a veritable poison to them in any dose, even the smallest. Such persons are never free, throughout their whole career as smokers, from symptoms which incontestably evidence the existence of a process of narcotic poisoning. Even if they conquer the tendency to nausea which at first effects them, they suffer, although smoking ever so moderately, from chronic languor, giddiness, dyspepsia, cold feet, or even from decided though perhaps slight symptoms of paralysis of sensation. It is of no use for such persons to suspend smoking for time; their only safety lies in giving it up at once and for ever. We feel sure that the too prevalent habit of excessive smoking does debilitate and demoralise a large number of men by producing a general enfeeblement of the nervous system. We are certain that it is improper to subject the organism to the action of tobacco at all, during its period of development, and especially before and during the establishment of puberty. And we cannot ignore the fact that over and above its graver and physical effects, excessive smoking tends to withdraw men from the field of steady and serious action into that of dreamy self-enwrapped meditation, and it too often militates against the performance of those unselfish duties of social intercourse which make up the happiness of life.

NEW KNIGHTS.—His Grace the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland conferred the honour of knighthood on Mr. John Barrington, D.L., and Mr. Edward Reid, mayor of Derry. The vacancies caused in the Order of St. Patrick by the demise of the Marquis of Downshire and Lord Farnham will, we understand, be filled up on Tuesday next, when the Marquis of Waterford and Lord Arran will be created knights by his Grace the Lord Lieutenant, who is Grand Master of the Order.

Insects are readily discernible where they exist, and plants are not now nearly so liable to receive injury through the use of various nostrums, as when in vigorous growth, and when the bark is much more tender.

FORCING HOUSES.

Except upon occasions when the outer temperature falls materially through frost, it will not be necessary to use very strong fires to induce early vernal to start, for with fermenting materials, placed within any structure, if it be kept boxed up, sufficient heat should exist to fairly start the buds without their aid. It matters not whether they receive fresh air or not during the stage of preliminary enlargement; it must be afforded, however, the moment any symptom of actual growth exhibits itself. The frequent use of the syringe will be of the utmost importance in these early stages of forcing. Moisten the rods frequently therewith, with the view of softening the bark. Should a cold frosty period set in, it will be well to twist a few haybands around the lower portion of each rod; that part, in fact, which, from being contiguous to pipes or flues, is likely to become unduly dried. Keep up a slight heat upon the surface of the outer border by the aid of fermenting materials, as previously advised; this will be of great assistance to the roots when used in moderation. Those vineyards which are being brought into work, and which have their borders wholly within the structure, will need in most instances a good ground watering. This will always be best done with tepid water, or such as has an assured mean temperature of about 70 deg. When it may be safely inferred that it has been uniformly moistened throughout, it will be better to leave it for awhile, and until the roots have assumed fresh activity, when another soaking with clear liquid manure will be of benefit to it. Pines which are ripe now may, if necessary, be partly or all retarded somewhat, by removal to a cool dry temperature averaging from 45 deg. to 50 deg., the room or place they are placed in being darkened in the meantime. Maintain a sufficiency of bottom heat to keep all pine roots gently advancing, without in the least exciting them to grow rapidly; from 78 deg. to 84 deg.

ing, the former being an exceedingly graceful plant for winter decoration, whilst the crown Imperials look noble amongst inmates of the conservatory in the height of the winter season. Turn up all vacant borders, and so permit the ameliorating influence of frosts to have full play. Ordinary turban varieties of ranunculus may be planted in patches in borders which have a warm, moderately dry aspect. A few may now be potted also, and afterwards plunged in ashes placed under a simple frame for protection from too severe weather and excessive superficial rains. Where hollyhocks are very strong and "sappy," it will be well now to take them up and replant immediately. This, by checking the too rapid flow of sap, will tend to imbue them with greater hardihood, the better to withstand future severe weather. Hollyhocks generally are greatly protected by having a little loose litter placed around the stools at this season also. Some cultivators take up marvell of Perri (mirabilis), and by placing it away in a uniformly cool temperature, in the same way as dahlias, preserve it through the winter. Perennial lobelias should not be left in the open borders any longer. They keep well, placed in soil in pits or other similar places, where a moderate amount of light can be afforded without fear of severe frosts. Place labels or other efficient marks to all herbaceous plants which are likely to die down to below the surface, that their exact whereabouts may be seen at the time of digging, or when any necessary re-arrangements are in contemplation.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Place sufficient dry litter or rough leaf-mould around stools of globe artichokes, duly to protect them from the severest frosts. All the forwardmost rows of celery should now be well banked up, as a protection against severe frosts, which, according to what we have already experienced, are likely to be felt at any time now. Peas and broad beans should now be sown upon the lightest soils and most favourable situations. These may be expected to push through the ground after a mild period, to stand the winter and come in for the earliest crop in the early summer. Sangster's No. 1, is



A STEEPELCHASE.—SEE PAGE 758.

THE GARDEN:

PLANT HOUSES.

CAPS PELEGRONIUMS, intended for early flowering, should now receive their last shift. They should not be over-potted at this season of the year. A simple shift into a pot a size larger will, in the majority of instances, suffice for them. Pot them moderately firm, and be very careful not to break the ball in the operation, or otherwise you will injure the roots. I have frequently stated that a thorough good drainage is of the first importance, and must be studiously maintained if success is to be anticipated. Bring each plant into training trim by the aid of matting, and with a few sticks as possible. Let the framework of the future plant be as open and uncrowded as possible. This will allow each shoot in the future to grow freely without being drawn, and tend to equalise the whole better than if a more exact model were attempted thus early. The past weather and that we are now experiencing will go far towards placing orchids nicely to rest—a moderate temperature, which does not necessitate a great outlay of artificial heat, being far the best for this purpose. Plants of the good old cypripedium insigne, which have been grown in a cool house, will now be pushing up their flowers. It will materially aid them, therefore, if they are taken into a warmer temperature for a week or so. This will, moreover, lengthen the footstalks of the flowers, and tend to enlarge the blooms also. A practice resorted to by some good growers at the approach of actual frost—severe weather, in fact—is, to lower those plants which have been hanging upon blocks close up to the glass. In such a position the temperature fluctuates much between heat and cold, to say the least; consequently the body of the structure where greater uniformity exists, is far better for them at such a period. This will be found a good season, especially during dripping weather, to finish cleaning any stove plants which are in need of this attention.

should therefore be ample for all. Bear in mind that in conjunction with the temperature just noted a very moderate supply of water only must be given; let the roots at all times, in fact, be rather dry than otherwise. Mushroom beds, which show a tendency to become too dry, and to crack in consequence upon the surface, should be frequently sprinkled over with the syringe. When it is surmised that a bed is too dry throughout, a good soaking with tepid water should be given, keeping up a brisker fire for a day or two to counteract its cooling tendency. Continue to collect the necessary materials for the formation of more beds according to the demand for them. If a constant supply is needed, there should be no delay. Those droppings which are at all moist, and need drying somewhat before they are fit for bed-making must now be shot down in a good drying position beneath the protection of a shed; here, by occasionally turning over—being allowed to heat more or less between-whiles—they will soon be fit for use. Seakale, which has been placed in the mushroom house to grow for use, must have every particle of light excluded, nor should the air be admitted too freely. A good practice is that of covering the crowns completely over with well sweetened leaves or some like material. Strawberries, which are now being started into forcing, must be pushed along very gradually. I do not in fact advise "hard forcing" until after the third week or so in December, at which period the days begin to lengthen somewhat, and the plants, having undergone a moderate amount of rest, are more ready to make a start. Strawberry-pots should, where practicable, be plunged in a slight bottom heat when forcing commences; this gives the roots an impetus to grow which they otherwise would not have so freely at this early season.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

Finish planting anemones of the single sections where not already done. The good double varieties will be best delayed for a time. Pot up crocuses and lily of the valley, Solomon's seal, and crown imperial. The two last are admirably adapted for forc-

ing. The strain is procurable true, is one of the best for this purpose Sutton's ringleader, and Carter's first crop, being excellent types of the same. Take advantage of frosty mornings to wheel the rotten manure from the "frame-ground" out to all vacant spaces in the kitchen garden. The necessary digging and trenching of all such, will, as a matter of course, have to be pushed forward upon every favourable opportunity. Be careful, now that rather sharp weather has visited us, not to allow cauliflower-plants within the protection of a frame to become drawn. This they will readily become if air be not given freely upon every proper occasion. When free from actual frost or excessive rains, the lights should be removed wholly, tilting them at all other times when it is not possible so to do. It will be absolutely necessary now to give some sort of surface-dressing to all asparagus beds, where the operation, as then advised, was not performed last month—especially in instances where the crowns are very near the surface, upon large flat beds which are not annually earthed up, and which the frost is likely to penetrate. Small salad herbs must now be sown for a constant successional supply as frequently as each previous sowing is well above ground, in quantities according to the demand. Tie up further batch of endive for blanching, to succeed others which are now in, and by this and every other means to ensure a plentiful succession of salads, as these are generally much appreciated at this season of the year and onward until spring.—W. E. in the "Gardeners' Chronicle."

"LUXURIANT AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR."—Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer or Dressing never fails to quickly restore grey or faded hair to its youthful colour and beauty. It stops the hair from falling off. It prevents baldness. It promotes luxuriant growth; it causes the hair to grow thick and strong. It removes all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor dye. In large bottles, price six shillings. Sold by chemists and perfumers.—Depot, 266, High Holborn, London.—[ADVR].

LAW AND POLICE.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

(Sittings in Banco, before Justices Keating, Smith, and Brett.)

Mr. J. Brown, Q.C., said that this was an action upon three bills of exchange drawn by Colonel Hugh Baillie upon Earl Fitzhardinge, and his lordship, in answer, pleaded a deed of composition, by which he had agreed to pay his creditors 7s. 6d. in the pound. The unsecured debts exceeded £350,000. The question to be raised at the trial was the validity of this deed, and this would depend principally upon whether it had been signed by a certain proportion in number and value of the creditors. Another question would be whether certain persons were holders to the value of bills. Most of the debts arose out of bill transactions, many of the bills having been accepted for Colonel Baillie and been negotiated by him. Under these circumstances, Colonel Baillie would be a most material witness for the defendant, and the present application was that a writ of subpoena duces tecum should issue into Scotland where the colonel was, commanding him to attend on the trial of the cause.

The court ordered the writ.

COURT OF PROBATE AND DIVORCE.

(Before Sir J. P. Wilde, without Juries.)

REECH V. REECH.

This case was the wife's petition for a divorce, on the ground of her husband's adultery, cruelty, and desertion.

The Learned Judge stated that he had gone over the evidence in respect of the desertion, but he considered it was not sufficient to establish that plea. He found, therefore that the neither cruelty nor the desertion had been established; but, as the adultery had been proved, the Court would grant a judicial separation, should the petitioner desire it.

Dr. Swabey having stated that petitioner was prepared to accept such a decree.

The Court pronounced a decree of judicial separation accordingly, with costs against the respondent.

COURT OF EXCHEQUER.

(Sittings, in Banco, before the Lord Chief Baron and Barons Pigott and Cleasby.)

JOHNSON V. OSENTON.

This case raised a novel point with regard to deeds of composition. It was an interpleader issue tried before Mr. Baron Martin during the present term, when a verdict was entered for plaintiff.

Mr. C. H. Anderson, pursuant to leave reserved, now moved to enter a verdict for the defendant. The plaintiff was trustee under a deed of composition executed on the 1st of August last by a Mr. Prior. The defendant put in execution on the 3rd of August against the goods of Prior, and this action was brought to try the right to the goods. The solicitor for three of the creditors was Mr. Crutwell, and their assent to the deed was given by the managing clerk of Mr. Crutwell's London agents. It was found that these three creditors had authorised Mr. Crutwell to assent, but the learned counsel contended that their solicitor could not delegate his authority to his London agents, and again that the London agents could not delegate the authority to their clerk. It was also objected that the assent was conditional, as it reserved rights under a former deed. Another point was that the deed, not being properly assented to, was intended to operate solely under the 192nd section of the Bankruptcy Act, 1841, and therefore was an escrow and did not pass the property.

The Court granted a rule on all the points.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

GUILDFORD.

SENDING BAD MEAT TO MARKET.—William Stimpson, the younger, of Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, was summoned before Mr. Alderman Owden for sending two quarters of beef to Leadenhall Market for the purpose of sale, and intended for human food, the same being diseased, unsound, unwholesome, and unfit for the food of man.

Mr. Baylis prosecuted on behalf of the Commissioners of Sewers of the City.

Mr. James Newman, inspector of meat at Newgate Market, said that on the 26th of October Mr. Gutteridge, a meat salesman in Leadenhall Market, called his attention to two hind quarters of beef from a young steer that had been suffering some time from some wasting disease. The flesh was very white, and wet, and it had been rubbed over with hot fat to hide its appearance. It was brought to this court, and condemned by the sitting Alderman. It was quite unfit for human food, and that would be apparent to any one connected with the trade.

Some further evidence having been given, showing that the meat had been sent to the market by the defendant,

Alderman Owden sentenced the defendant to be imprisoned for one calendar month.

ANOTHER CASE.—John Stimpson, butcher, of Doddington, Cambridgeshire, was summoned before Alderman Owden by the Commissioners of Sewers for sending the carcass of a pig to Newgate Market for sale as human food, the same being diseased, unsound, unwholesome, and unfit for the food of man.

The evidence in this case showed that the meat was very much emaciated, wet, and inflamed, and totally unfit for human food.

For the defence it was contended that the pig was perfectly healthy though thin.

Mr. Alderman Owden fined the defendant £10 and £3 3s. costs, or one month's imprisonment.

WORSHIP-STREET.

IS HE A MADMAN.—Benjamin Tilley, an old white-headed man, was placed at the bar, before Mr. Ellison, charged with having threatened Sarah Tilley, his niece, with a carving-knife.

The prosecutrix deposed that the prisoner entered her house and abused her. He then commenced burning some pictures, and when she took them away from him he took up the tongs and aimed a blow at her. He subsequently cut off the heads of a canary and a linnet belonging to her, and was guilty of other outrageous conduct. The prosecutrix went on to narrate how she had been repeatedly threatened by the prisoner with carving-knives and other weapons. His conduct was most violent and extraordinary, and she was in fear of her life.

Mr. Ellison ordered him to find one surety in £20 to keep the peace for the next six months, a useless and inadequate decision.

BOW-STREET.

WATCH ROBBERY AT AN ELECTIONEERING MEETING.—Thomas Handley, address refused, was charged with stealing a gold watch, value £20, of Mr. Salter.

Mr. Jonathan Salter, nurseryman, deposed that he was in company with Mr. Thomas Chambers, the candidate for Marylebone, who had been addressing a meeting at the Globe Tavern, Derby-street, King's-cross. They were leaving the house together, being in the passage at the time. A great many people were in the doorway, crowding and pushing together. Witness suddenly saw the prisoner with his hand below the flap of his coat, holding the watch in his hand, the chain being broken, and the ends hanging down. Witness seized the prisoner and called out, "This man has stolen my watch." Several gentlemen secured the prisoner, who had succeeded in passing the watch away.

Isaac Balderson, 36, Charlton-street, Euston-road, was at the meeting, and was standing a little behind last witness in the passage at the time the watch was stolen. He saw the prisoner with the watch in his hand. A great deal of confusion arose, and a gentleman named Williams had his hat knocked over his eyes, and the prisoner managed to pass the watch to his companions.

The prisoner made no reply in answer to the charge.

Mr. Flower said the prisoner's character must be looked into, and for that purpose he should remand the case for a week.

GREENWICH.

STREET ROBBERY.—John Brewer, aged 19, a convicted thief, was brought up on remand, charged with stealing a gold watch, value £25, and a purse containing a sovereign, a half-sovereign, and other money, the property of Mr. Alfred Stainford, of the Avenue-road, Lewisham.

The prosecutor was paying a cabman his fare in Deptford Broadway one night in July last, when the prisoner came up and snatched the purse from his hand and ran off. The prosecutor pursued him some distance and captured him, and promised not to give him into custody if he returned the purse. The prisoner thereupon seized the gold watch belonging to the prosecutor, and ran off with it too.

A few days ago, when in custody on another charge, he was recognised.

Eliza Gowers swore that on the night in question she saw the prisoner snatch the prosecutor's purse out of his hands. Subsequently she saw him in possession of a gold watch.

Mr. Maude committed the prisoner for trial at the Old Bailey.

WANDSWORTH.

A WORKHOUSE RIOT.—Eight inmates of the Wandsworth Workhouse, all young men, were charged with riotous conduct.

There were 30 beds in the ward in which the prisoners slept. For the last few days there had been a great disturbance in the ward by the inmates singing and shouting. Last night the disturbance was repeated, a number of utensils thrown into the yard, also the bedding thrown out of the windows, and the bed sockets thrown at the windows, which were broken. The door was barricaded with the bedsteads, and on it being forced open the prisoners were taken into custody as the ringleaders.

Mr. Dayman discharged two, and sent the remainder to prison, some for three weeks and others for two months' imprisonment.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

ROBBERY BY A GANG IN OXFORD-STREET.—John Grant, a young man, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with being concerned with others not in custody in stealing a watch, of the value of £7, from the person of Mr. Wm. Saunders, draper, of Lamb's Conduit-street.

Wm. Lancashire, a stableman in the employ of Mr. Gray, of Oxford-street, proved seeing the prosecutor, the prisoner, and others drinking at the Oxford Stores, and afterwards saw the prisoner and the prosecutor up Mr. Gray's yard, and as they were noisy he turned them out.

Charles Cheppell, a cab-driver, said that while driving along Oxford-street the prisoner, who was standing at the door of the Oxford Stores, whistled to him, and on his pulling up he (prisoner) told him to pull round the corner, and he did so. The prosecutor afterwards got into his cab and asked him to take him home, and the prisoner got in too, but he made the prisoner and the prosecutor get out. The prisoner and another man got alongside the prosecutor, who directly afterwards complained of losing his watch, he (witness) having previously told a constable to look after the prosecutor. He subsequently took the prosecutor home.

George Chindler, a stableman, living in George-street, Grosvenor-square, proved seeing the prosecutor between the prisoner and another man, and seeing the prisoner withdraw his hand from the prosecutor's trousers pocket, and place it in his own, and directly after the prosecutor complained of losing his watch, and on the constable going into the house the prisoner was gone.

The prosecutor said he was at the Oxford Stores, got drunk in the company of the prisoner and others, strangers to him, who took his watch, which he had taken off his chain and placed in his trousers pocket for safety. He recollects very little of the matter.

In answer to the prosecutor,

The prosecutor said he did not ask the landlady to mind his chain.

Sergeant Fox, C division, said the prisoner belonged to one of the lowest gangs of thieves who were in the habit of frequenting Oxford-street nightly.

Mr. D'Eyncourt remanded the prisoner.

CLERKENWELL.

FLYING DUSTMEN.—Thomas Cox was summoned by Mr. Dodd, for unlawfully removing dust and ashes from Allen-road, South Hornsey, not having the authority to do so by the contractor.

Mr. Cooke said the defendant would have to pay 5s. fine, and 4s. costs, or in default seven days' imprisonment.

The defendant was locked up in default.

ROBBERY FROM A PAWNBROKER'S.—Mary Lee, a pen cutter, was charged with stealing two dresses, value 8s. 6d., the property of Mr. Baxter Reeve, a pawnbroker.

It appeared from the evidence of the prosecutor's son that he saw the prisoner come inside the shop, unpin a dress, and walk out with it. He followed her, and gave her into custody, and the dress was found under her shawl. At her lodgings a dress that had been stolen from inside the prosecutor's shop was found. Three other dresses had been stolen in the morning, and the prosecutor's son told the prisoner that if she gave him the other three dresses he would not lock her up.

Mr. Cooke.—That was very improper for you to say; you are liable to be indicted for compounding a felony. As long as you get your property back you do not wish to prosecute, and so the public suffers.

The prisoner pleaded guilty, and said it was her first offence. She was very hungry at the time that she took the dresses.

Mr. Cooke said he did not believe that it was her first offence. She would be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for four calendar months.

DESPERATE ELECTION RIOT ON CLERKENWELL-GREEN.—James Boyde, aged 18, a whip maker, of 7, Bishop's-court, Aylesbury-street, Clerkenwell, was charged before Mr. Cooke with disorderly conduct, and violently assaulting Police-sergeant Henry Warrington, 19 G, and Police-constable William Elliott, 137 G, in the execution of their duty, at Aylesbury-street, Clerkenwell.

Inspector Bryant watched the case on behalf of the Commissioners of Police.—Shortly after the close of the poll on Clerkenwell-green, on Tuesday afternoon, a number of rough fellows began to pelt the respectable passers-by with lime and flour. When the police interfered they were very much ill-used and pelted with stones. So roughly were they treated that they had to take refuge in the workhouse until a sufficient force was obtained to quell the disturbance.—Police-sergeant Warrington said, on Tuesday afternoon, as he was going along Aylesbury-street, Clerkenwell, in company with Inspector Bryant and other officers, the defendant, who was standing at the corner of Bishop's-court, along with some other persons, all of whom were engaged in throwing bags of flour and stones at the passers-by, he threw a bag of flour at him, and struck him in the face. Some of the flour went into his eyes, and from the smarting pain that he had felt in his eyes all night he was of opinion that the flour was mixed with either lime or chalk.

With assistance he took the defendant into custody, and then the defendant became very violent and kicked and struck at him. On the way to the police-station the mob that followed became so violent, and threw so many stones and brick-bats that the police had to take refuge in Clerkenwell Workhouse and wait there with the defendant until a body of police was fetched to protect them on the way to the station. He had seen the defendant throw flour at some persons before he got to him.—Police-constable Elliott said that he was passing at the time and the defendant threw a bag of flour or lime, mixed with chalk, into his face. For a moment or so he was nearly choked. He felt quite confident that there was something more than flour in the bag from the pricking sensation he had had in his eyes. On the way to the police-station he was struck by stones that were thrown at him by the mob. The defendant denied that he was passing at the time who threw the flour at the police. Some one standing behind him might have done so, and if he had time he could bring witnesses to prove it.—Mr. Cooke asked the defendant if he would like a remand for that purpose.—The defendant said he should, as he thought it a shame that he should be locked up.—Mr. Cooke remanded the defendant, but said he would take bail—one surety in the sum of £5.—The defendant was locked up in default.—This was the only case arising out of the polling that was heard at this court.

INTIMIDATING AND ASSAULTING ELECTORS AT CLERKENWELL-GREEN.—Henry Hanby, aged 18, a compositor, of 165, Barnsbury-road, Islington, and Frederick Allen, aged 17, of Briarly-street, New North-road, a wood-carver, were charged before Mr. Cooke with disorderly conduct and assaulting Police-constable Thomas Knowles, 200 G, in the execution of his duty at Clerkenwell-green.—From the evidence it appeared that between one and four on Tuesday afternoon a mob of about 200 young fellows met on Clerkenwell-green, near the polling-booths, and every respectable person that wanted to go to the polling-booths was smothered with flour, red ochre, and soot. The defendants were two of the ringleaders, and when Police-constable Thomas Knowles, 200 G, who was in private clothes, was passing, one of the defendants threw some flour over him. He took them into custody, and the defendant Hanby or Hanby took up a putrid cat and threw it in the constable's face. The other defendant got away and threw it in the constable's face. The other defendant got away and threw it in the constable's face. Hanby threw some lime at the constable, but fortunately it did not go in his face, and he took a piece of coal out of his pocket and struck the constable in the back with it. It was with some difficulty that they could be got to the police-station, as the mob kept throwing flour and stones at the constables.—The defendants denied the charge, and said they never had any flour or soot in their possession.—Mr. Cooke said it was very disgraceful of the defendants, and fined each of them 10s., or in default to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for seven days.—The fines were at once paid.

William Allen, aged 18, was also charged with disorderly conduct, and assaulting Mr. Frederick Kingsland, an auctioneer, at Clerkenwell-green, by throwing a quantity of flour over him. As the complainant was walking up Clerkenwell-green, the defendant threw a quantity of flour, soot, &c., over him. When he spoke to the defendant his hat was knocked off and he was covered with filth. The defendant said he was sorry for what he had done. Mr. Cooke fined the defendant 10s., or in default seven days' imprisonment. The defendant was locked up in default.

BRUTAL MURDER NEAR SWANSEA.—Another murder has just been committed near Swansea, this being the second which has occurred in the locality within the past two months. It appears that an old man, named John Morgan, resided by himself in a small cottage near Velindre, nine miles from Swansea, and within a short distance of the reservoir of the new waterworks for that town. A dispute seems to have arisen on one or two occasions between deceased and some other men who were anxious to get possession of the cottage, but deceased always positively refused to give up possession or to leave the house. Being missed from his customary occupation some neighbours went to his cottage. The door being found locked it was broken open, and the deceased was found quite dead on the ground, death having unquestionably resulted from a gun-shot wound in the head. An inquest was opened on the body on Wednesday last before Mr. Edward Strick, coroner for the district, but beyond the formal evidence of identification, and that of Mr. Jones, surgeon, of Loughor, near Swansea, who had made a *post mortem* examination of the body, and who had no hesitation in stating that the gun-shot wound in the head was the cause of death, no evidence was taken. The county police are making every effort to ascertain who perpetrated the outrage, but as yet they have been unsuccessful.

James Smith, aged 19, a jeweller, of 75, Compton-street, Clerkenwell, was charged with assaulting John Brown, 163 G, in the execution of his duty at Clerkenwell-green. The facts of the case were similar to the last, and Mr. Cooke fined the defendant 20s., or in default to be imprisoned for ten days. The defendant was locked up in default.

THE COLUMBINES.

We were the fairies' lanterns,
And we hung in the dark green wood,
To light in the moonless midnight
The spot where their palace stood.

Some of us swung o'er the portal,
Hid in the rock so grey;
And some of us glanced where the little elves danced,
And frolicked the night away.

A red cap wore the cockerel,
Their sentinel brave and true;
And he sounded his horn for the morning dawn
Till it rang the green wood through.

The door on its emerald hinges

Then ope'd in the rocks so grey;
And in troops they glide from the sun to hide,
Ere his beams through the woodland stray.

There they rest from their night-long revel,
On the silver thistle-down;
And a pealy light from lilies white
O'er their dreamy beds is thrown.

They sleep through the dewy morning,
And the noon tide's golden haze,
Till the trumpet sound, by the night winds wound,
And call for the dreaming fays.

Then come with us, little Henry,
Ere the sun from the west is gone;
And you shall pick up more than one golden cup,
Which the elves in the grass have thrown—

Cups whence they drank the night dew,
And glasses hid in the moss,
Stained ruby red by the bright wine shed,
When the elves their beakers toss.

For a week and a day we shall watch you,
In the bath and on going to bed;
And never a word from your lips must be heard,
Which may not to the elves be said.

And then you shall see the regatta
On the lily-pond by the mill;
Six wee pearly boats, with golden oars,
Which the little folks "row with a will."

Was it really the elfin roundelay
Of the Columbines plucked on the hill;
Or had Henry dreamt while the moonbeams streamed
On the vase by the window sill?

WISDOM, WIT, & HUMOUR.

OUR sedate and literary friend, the *Examiner*, has been growing somewhat harmonious of late. The following are specimens:—

JERUSALEM AND RUGBY [CONTRASTED].

October, 1868.

St. Matthew tells us how an ass
Our Saviour to Jerus'lem bore,
Where from its temple he a mass
Of knaves cast out with chiding sore.

Rugby a different tale, alas!
With blushing indignation doth relate
Of what (in His name!) came to pass
At eighteen centuries' later date.

Here, when a Temple all reveres
Was, by a set of knaves profaned,
The Temple 'twas—mid scoff and cheer—
That was expelled; the knaves remained;
Here, too, the ass's part was played
Not as Jerusalem had seen,
When the meek lowly brute conveyed
Our Lord and Master to the scene;
Here asses rampant brayed aloud—
As though appalled by some dread comet—
When but His servant met the crowd,
And bore him—no less volens—from it!

"EQUAN MEMENTO."

(On a Guildhall peroration.)

The Trickster who, (dead to becoming remorse) When Fortune abandons him, rails at a horse, May learn from his Chief that, for veiling despair, There's nothing like quietly chaffing a Mayor.

"JONES—JONES.—October 15, at St. Jo(h)nes Street Chapel, by the Rev. Jones W. Jones, brother to the bride (Jones), Mr. George Jones, of Jonesville, to Joan Elizabeth Jones, daughter of the Rev. Jo(h)nes Jones, to Jonesacre.—Jones—Jones."

AMONG the sights which are pleasant to behold are a father at a place of amusement with his children; a young man with a clear eye, and a fresh, virtuous, unshackled face; a shop girl neatly dressed, and without sham ornamentation; a man of business going home at night with a bouquet for his wife; a shopkeeper civil to, and patient with a poor woman who, with a baby across her arm, ventures to buy a one-shilling article; a dress-maker who is scientific enough to perfect "a fit," and yet leave your breathing apparatus in Christian working condition: a shop that is not an "emporium"; a milliner who didn't come from Paris; a jolly domestic who likes "the family"; a bride with her pet, small house; a young father with his first boy.

MATRIMONIAL.

WIFE (sarcastically) to Staggers, just returned from taking pot-luck with a friend—"I suppose you will tell me now that it is the fish, as you did before, you brute!"

HUSBAND (jollily)—"No, no, my duck; it's not—not the fish—it's that confounded rolly-poly-poly-pudding."

FROM BIRMINGHAM.—What makes more noise than an earthquake?—An earthy quaker.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPRUDENCE.—Purchasing a new hat on the eve of a general election and—wearing it.

BAD INVESTMENTS.—Ritualistic practices are foolish and decidedly bad in vestments.

Isabella, Queen of Spain,

Mizzled when she could not reign!

A ROARING TRADE.—Keeping a menagerie. "WE THINK SO."—May a stupid song be called an absurd dirty?

THE MODERN WAY.

INTELLIGENT BURGLAR.—"Well, now look here—if there's no arrest, I'll give up half—that's 10,000 dolls.—the other half I'll keep, for, hang it, I must have something for my trouble."

DETECTIVE.—"Oh, of course—and a very fair arrangement—and I'll take half the balance for my trouble, and the owner will be 5,000 dolls. better off than if he had arrested you."

WATERING PLACES—Dairies.

"THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND"—"The devil tak' ye!"

"YOUR son, Madam, persists in doing nothing," says the director.

"Then," replies the woman, by no means disconcerted, "you should give him the prize for perseverance."

A COBBLER has a sole purpose in life.

A SHORT man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said he had fallen in love with her.

"Do you call it falling?" said the suitor; "it's more like climbing!"

THE MOST FORMAL OF FLOWERS.—The Primrose.

A ROUND DOZEN.—A dozen of eggs.

"WAITER, is this a spring chicken? Most remarkable fowl I ever attempted an assault upon." "Yes, Sir, nice spring chicken; nothing cheap at this establishment. Don't you see, Sir, it springs every time you try to put a knife into it!" Customer realizes the fact; and, after half an hour's futile exercise of the knife and fork, calls for a plate of hash.

IMAGINARY SCHOLARS.—The pupils of your eye.

THAT was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said: "Where will you find any modern building that lasted so long as the ancient?"

A LONE MAN.—The pawnbroker.

A LADY who went out with her little girl and boy, purchased the latter a rubber balloon, which escaped him and went up in the air. The girl, seeing tears in his eyes, said: "Never mind, Neddy; when you die and go to heaven, you'll dit it."

"Guilty or not guilty?" sharply said the judge the other day, to an inattentive female prisoner in the dock. "Just as you Honor pleases; it's not for the likes of me to dictate to you Honor's worship," was the reply.

It is not true that an evening edition of the new paper, the *Morning Summary*, will be brought out under the name of the *Wintery Evening*.

A WONDERFUL FISH.

A CURIOSITY of natural history caught near Eastport, Maine, a few weeks ago, has attracted much attention and excited much wonder, even among naturalists. The Bangor *Daily Whig* gives the following detailed description of this fish: "The strange animal recently captured near Eastport, meagre reports of which had reached us, arrived in this city a few days ago, and has been on exhibition, during which it has been visited by our citizens, all of whom have expressed their wonder as well as the remarkable size of the monster as at its anomalous character. This animal, part beast and part fish, is over thirty feet in length, and girth twenty-one feet. It has one enormous dorsal fin, two side belly fins, and a broad, shark-like tail. About one-third of its length from its tail, in connection with small fins, it has two huge legs, terminating in web feet. Its mouth makes a line five or six feet in length, the whole extent of which is set with innumerable small teeth, very much resembling in size and shape the kernel of a species of sharp-pointed popcorn. It has a series of gills which overlap each other like the flounces once the style in ladies' dresses. Its immense body, which was estimated to have weighed when captured about eleven tons, had no frame-work of bones, its most solid portions consisting of cartilage incapable of preservation. Its skin is dark and tough, like that of the elephant and rhinoceros.

"There is no record of his species, and to none is it a greater wonder than to naturalists, whose attention is being drawn to it. Among others who have had the opportunity of seeing it is Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, who is as yet unable to place it in the known lists of the animal kingdom. It is indeed a veritable wonder calculated to excite popular curiosity, and to invite the researches of the scientific.

"At various times during the past fifteen years a strange monster, believed to be a huge serpent, has been reported seen in Lake Utopia, in New Brunswick, just across the State line: but as these reports in each instance rested upon the testimony of but one or two individuals, they were generally discredited. Lately, however, the reports and the number of witnesses had so increased as to take the story out of the realm of fiction. On Sunday, August 3, the monster was discovered near the shore on the west side of Eastport Island, where Passamaquoddy Bay is connected with Lake Utopia by a marsh a quarter of a mile long. Being attacked by musketry, it struck for the marsh, and probably for the lake, which was undoubtedly its home, and before being rendered incapable of locomotion, it had worked its way with its fins and legs a number of rods. The report of its presence at once spread to the town, attracting a large number to the spot to aid in its destruction. It received some seventy musket balls, and although attacked in the forenoon, exhibited signs of life the following day.

"Thus the north-eastern point of our State, with the assistance of New Brunswick, has the honour of producing the nearest approach to a veritable sea-serpent, which is destined to make a popular sensation wherever exhibited. It is to be at Portland during the forthcoming State Fair, and is thence bound for Boston, New York, and other principal cities."

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